THE

LADY'S MONTHLY MUSEUM.

January, 1801.

MRS. ROBINSON.

[WITH A PORTRAIT.]

IN a Work peculiarly devoted to the service of the Fair Sex, and so liberally patronized by them, to pass unnoticed a Lady of such high accomplishments and such distinguished talents as our present heroine, would have been an unpardonable omission.

Mrs. Mary Robinson was the daughter of Mr. Darby, an American merchant, who, having sustained a very considerable loss in a scheme that promised a happier issue, turned his thoughts to the navy, and, after some time, accepted the command of a 74 gun ship in that of Russia. His services obtained him the esteem of the Empress Catherine; but how long they continued we do not know: Captain Darby, however, died at Bristol in the year 1787, leaving his widow with three children, two sons and a daughter, the latter of whom is the subject of the present remarks. Mrs. Robinson's mother, who died a few years since, was descended of a very respectable family, being grand-daughter of Mrs. Catharine Seys, of Beverton Castle, Glamorganshire, whose sister Ann was married to Lord Chancellor King.

Mrs. Robinson was born in the College Green, Bristol, and educated in that town till the age of ten, when she was

removed to one of the first seminaries of female tuition in the vicinity of London. At the early age of fifteen she became acquainted with Mr. Robinson, then a student in Lincoln's Inn, whom she very soon married.

Early marriages are seldom prudent, especially when the circumstances of the parties are not such as to hold out a prospect of maintaining themselves in the sphere to which they have been accustomed. "Love alone was waking" when this match was brought about; and the profession of the law was soon found inadequate to render the situation of our young couple quite comfortable.

To natural talents of a superior kind, Mrs. Robinson's parents had added, in her favour, every advantage of acquired accomplishments; and, on receiving some encouragement from Mr. Garrick, she turned her thoughts to the stage. Under the patronage of the Duchess of Devonshire, she made her first appearance at Drury Lane, on the 10th of December, 1776, in the character of Juliet; and, in the course of three following seasons, performed, with general applause, the characters of Lady Macbeth, Imogen, Rosalind, Cordelia, Ophelia, Viola, Palmira, the Irish Widow, Perdita,* &c. &c. In the latter character she attracted the notice of a very distinguished Personage, and quitted the stage.

Our remarks will now be confined to Mrs. Robinson's literary pursuits, which publicly commenced, in 1778, with a Musical Farce, called *The Lucky Escape*, which was performed, April 30th, for her own benefit. About the same time she produced a Poem, called *Captivity*, dedicated to her patroness the Duchess of Devonshire.

Beside the above, Mrs. Robinson has written a beautiful Poem, entitled *Ainsi va la Monde; a Monody to the Memory of the late Queen of France; a Monody to the Memory of Sir Joshua Reynolds; Sappho and Phaon, in a Se-*

* In *The Winter's Tale*.

ries

ries of Legitimate Sonnets; Modern Manners; Poems, in Two Volumes, 8vo.; the Sicilian Lover, a Tragedy; Vancenza, a Romance, 2 vols.; The Widow, a Novel, 2 vols.; Angelina, a Novel, 3 vols.; Hubert de Sevrac, a Romance of the Present Century; Walsingham, a Novel, 4 vols.; The Natural Daughter, a Novel, 2 vols.; The False Friend, a Novel, 4 vols. Several popular Pamphlets, also, have proceeded from the pen of this Lady, beside many small Poems in the newspapers and other periodical publications, under the various signatures of *Laura Maria, Julia, Laura, Oberon,* &c. &c.; and she has, within this last month, published a Volume of *Lyrical Tales,* of which it may justly be said, that the imagery and sentiment are poetical and just, the versification spirited and harmonious; and that some of them very pleasingly remind us of our most celebrated antient poets. Her Novels have been justly said to exhibit "great power of imagination, knowledge of human nature, acuteness of research, and skill in the delineation of character, as well as a vein of humour in describing scenes of a whimsical and ludicrous kind, that can hardly be conceived to exist in the same mind."——Of Mrs. R.'s beauty, we shall only say, that it was once pre-eminent; and even yet, after she has endured almost a martyrdom of thirteen years under the incessant influence of a rheumatic affection, her features, though become palid, have lost none of their symmetry or expression. Her mind is characterized by great sensibility, a most benevolent disposition, a correct judgment, a sprightly humour regulated by the most refined manners, and a temper peculiarly gentle and engaging.

Mrs. Robinson has one daughter, a most lovely and elegant young woman, whom she has educated in the most accomplished manner; and who has shown signs of inheriting much of her mother's genius. Miss R. has already published a very interesting Novel, under the title of *The Shrine of Bertha,* and, we believe, is again occupied in some literary pursuit.

THE OLD WOMAN.

NO. XXXI.

The Morning Ramble of

FASHION AND SOBER *continued.*

"YOU have a very singular taste!" said Fashion, with an air of chagrin. "This is very particular."

He would have taken to his heels, if decency would have permitted; but, such was the fascination of Sober's manners, that there was scarcely one of his acquaintances who dared to maintain an opinion that he disclaimed. His influence, however, was founded on worth, and that homage which even the vicious involuntarily pay it. His understanding was of the first order---his heart was pure; but, so far was he from being puritanical, that his taste lent grace to elegance, and was aided by a passion for expense, which could only be controuled by his still greater passion for independence.

Without ceremony, Sober led his friend Fashion into the narrow and unwholesome chamber of an old man, who was fast verging to the grave. The curtains of the bed were open, and disclosed the venerable object, supported by his nurse. His sand was running low; the pallid hue of death had already taken possession of his cheek, and the living lustre of the eye began to be dimmed by the deep shade of its approaching night. His faculties, however, seemed yet awake; and the voice of his benefactor called a faint flush, which struggled a moment in his pale face, and then subsided for ever!

"Ah! Sir," he said, "you, whose very soul is benevolence---you, to whom the tear which steals from your eye, in pity, is dearer than that which gushes there from rapture---

ture---to you, this moment will be not unwelcome!——I speak not of myself, for the hour is arrived in which I shall cease to mourn; in which this wearied heart will render up its last sigh to Him who gave the agonizing nerve! Another child of sorrow is at hand!---This long, sad night, in which my soul has been struggling to meet its God, the inhabitant of the next melancholy chamber has had the power to arrest its flight. Her voice has penetrated through the darkness of the night, chained down my spirit, and kept my languid pulse still beating?"

Sober, to whom this was addressed, turned towards the nurse for information: all that he could learn was, that, by the patient's order, she had been several times in the adjacent room to offer consolation and assistance to a person who seemed resolved to accept of neither.——"But you, perhaps, Sir," added she, "may be able to speak comfort to the poor young thing!"

A voice now issued from the apartment (for the partition was so thin, and its apertures so frequent, that every word was distinctly heard):——"Whoever you are," said the voice, "come, and receive my last sad tale, whilst I have breath to utter it: in a few moments my lips will close for ever!"

This was articulated in a tone so faint, that there could be no doubt that the person who uttered it was, indeed, expiring; and the two friends, in awful silence, entered her apartment. A curtain prevented the fair mourner's seeing them, which Sober gently touched, to inform her that they were present; and it was immediately opened. But Fashion, who thought he had had quite enough of dying faces for one morning, turned from the bed, and endeavoured to find more agreeable ones in the street, into which the solitary window looked.

The young woman found herself addressed in the softest accents, and every argument of consolation was poured forth before her.

"Alas!" said she, "it is all, all too late, and the only comfort I can now taste, is, the certainty that I *cannot* live to profit by your goodness. But burden your memory with my woes, that if, in your journey through life, you should meet with the author of them, he may know the fate of her who once reigned the mistress of him.

"I am an American by birth, the only child of parents far advanced in life; consequently, I was the darling of their existence. My father was a planter, respected for his riches, and beloved for his goodness:---oh! he was all goodness! How unworthy have I been of such a parent! ——My youth was passed beneath his eye, in which period I was instructed in all the accomplishments which are supposed to give impression to beauty. Of beauty, too, I had my share; and was an object of envy to some of my own sex, whose charms I could not help thinking were superior to my own.

"At the age of seventeen my father gave me in marriage to a young gentleman of amiable manners, who loved me to distraction. I, alas! was not sensible of passion in the degree in which my husband felt it; but I loved no other, and my innocence made me believe that I felt for him all the tenderness which my heart was capable of feeling.—— Oh! why was I ever awakened from the happy delusion!

"My father and my husband were both of the Loyalist's party, and, consequently, the British officers were treated in their houses with particular attention and favour. A few months after our marriage, towards the close of the war, a young soldier, who was said to be of fashion, and of great fortune, in England, found admittance to our table. His manners were so engaging, that, after a few visits, my husband requested him to reside with us entirely. The invitation was gracefully accepted, and he became one of our family.——Oh! how did the hours glide in his society! Without, all was anarchy, distress, and war; but, within our walls, all was elegance, and taste, and pleasure! My husband was never wearied of praising his guest, and my

my heart, unconscious of its error, fluttered with delight at hearing those praises.

"Alas! Sir, how shall I add the rest? By degrees, that heart became sensible to its situation, and knew it loved!——My husband was often absent; at those periods, our guest never. It cannot be, that I should now go through all the scenes of seduction and guilt; for seduction and guilt did, indeed, follow, and I became abandoned to my lover!"

Her tears and groans interrupted the dying penitent, who, at length, with many interruptions, continued——

"Think not that I became, *at once*, dead to honour, and to every consideration of duty! Slow, though sure, was my progress in the road of iniquity; many were my self-upbraidings---numberless my resolutions;——but, at last, the voice of duty was dead in my heart, and love reigned there a ruinating conqueror.——I had retired, one afternoon, to a summer-house in the furthest part of the garden. My lover, unexpectedly, appeared there---I say, unexpectedly. The suddenness of his approach, and the joy which accompanied my surprize, made me neglectful of every thing but him. I abandoned myself to the ardor of his caresses; and, whilst I was reclining on his bosom, and encircled by his arms, my much-injured husband rushed into the apartment!

"A cry of horror was the first intimation we received of his presence. He viewed us, without speaking, whilst we remained absolutely motionless on the spot where he first beheld us. His first action was towards his sword; but, pausing, and viewing us awhile with mingled rage and grief, he uttered another cry, and fled through the garden with incredible swiftness. This was the last moment in which I ever saw my husband!

"We remained long in the fatal summer-house, not knowing what steps to pursue. The sense of my guilt overpowered me, and I felt that happiness was fled from me for ever.

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ever. At length, I ventured to return to the house. I asked the servants, with my eyes, what was become of their master; but, with my lips, I dared not articulate his name. The servants did not seem to be conscious that any extraordinary event had happened, and all things appeared in their usual state of composure. Thus the night passed, and three succeeding days and nights, in all which time I heard neither of my husband, nor of the man who had usurped his rights. This frightful calm was, at length, broken in upon, and by a dreadful tempest, indeed!"

(To be concluded in our next.)

To the Editor of the Lady's Monthly Museum.

SIR,

IT is the observation of a very sensible modern Writer, that *talents* are often rather an *injury* than a *benefit* to their possessor,---a sort of ignis fatuus, which leads the mind astray from the sober dictates of reason and sense. His opinion, Sir, I am inclined to think, might with justice be applied to your Fair Correspondent, Penelope Prudence, who has asserted positions unfounded on fact, and unaided by those auxiliaries which might be derived from observation.

So numerous are the declaimers against matrimonial engagements, that to attempt a refutation of them *all* would be vain; yet, when I hear my sex indiscriminately accused of becoming *preyers* upon the property of those whom they are bound to respect, I cannot avoid endeavouring to counteract the opinion, and prove that it is neither founded upon experience, nor aided by sense.

I confess myself at a loss to what cause to assign Penelope's general philippic against her sex; but, indeed, Sir, I never could form any idea of the gratifications which are derived either from censure or abuse; and have always been inclined

inclined to think, that severity arises from a corrupted mind, or a depraved heart. Prone as we are to error and imperfection, how weak and impolitic is it in us to condemn; for those who are not lenient to the fallings of others, have no right to expect any clemency for their own.——But I am digressing from the subject which called forth these observations, and giving my own opinions instead of refuting Penelope's charge. I must, therefore, measure back the ground I have gone over, and not suffer myself to wander again from the path.

"Men," says Penelope, "are formed for government," an hypothesis which I shall not attempt to deny; but not by that arbitrary dogmatic ascendancy which she seems to think they ought to assert, in consequence of their strength.* A woman of sense, good-humour, and discernment, will always feel a pleasure in complying with her husband's desires; but, if he attempts to exact obedience, and authoritatively to bind her will in chains, reason and sensibility must revolt at the injustice, and impel her to assert her independent claims.

Interested marriages are, doubtless, too prevalent, and it is to the disgrace of those by whom they are contrived; yet, are young women to be condemned for those ill-assorted associations which parental venality generally combines?——But your Correspondent, Mr. Editor, boldly asserts, that men must become drudges† to the vanity of their wives; and that, to avoid the destruction which results from *female extravagance*, they are compelled to avoid a matrimonial life.

Without attempting to assert that no females are expensive, or too lavishly waste their husband's property in dress, I beg leave to ask, whether that species of extravagance is not equally prevalent in the other sex? For, rest assured, Mr. Editor, the follies and extravagances which peculiarly

* See Mrs. Penelope Prudence's sentiments, Vol. V. p. 467.

† Refer to page 470.

culiarly mark the present age, are as much to be ascribed to the errors of education in your sex as in my own.

On a re-perusal of those sentiments which I have endeavoured to prove are founded on mistake, I am struck with the fallacy of an observation, which, I believe, never before was made; namely, that--"A man should love from reason,--a woman from passion, or she will never make a good wife."*——Without entering into a disquisition upon the propensities of the sexes, or investigating the motives by which they are impelled, a very slight knowledge of human nature will convince us, that passion is not the *characteristic* of the Female Sex; and that, where there is one woman who swerves from virtue from that degrading principle, there are fifty who fall from being irreligious, weak, or vain.

That separate purses, separate interests, and separate pleasures, must ultimately prove destructive to domestic peace, is an observation that conveys conviction to the mind; and fortunate would it be, if no *divided* gratifications could be enjoyed by those whom wedlock has combined. So great an ascendancy has habit acquired over the mind, that we imperceptibly become attached to the society of those who even participate in our pleasures and delights; and, by an intuitive impulse, naturally combine the image of those who have shared our pleasures with the satisfaction we have enjoyed from the pleasure itself.

If the mind is thus capable of increasing its gratifications merely from the influence which participation can produce, how necessary is it that those who are united should endeavour to follow the same pursuits! That different duties are attached to the sexes, of course, Mr. Editor, I readily allow; but their pleasures and amusements might surely be congenial, excepting those that are derived from sporting and the chase.

It is not, Mr. Editor, from the extravagance of females, nor the want of their being subservient to their husband's

* See page 469.

decrees,

decrees, that we have such daily proofs of connubial infelicity; but from unions being formed without consulting the mind, and the person being bartered for the possession of wealth.

This venal association is the destruction of happiness to each of the parties who are thus mercenarily combined; yet a prudent precaution against misfortune, is, doubtless, essential in a union for life; and those who blindly rush into a matrimonial engagement against the dictates of reason, and the persuasion of friends, have generally cause to lament that infatuation of affection, which impelled them to despise persuasion and advice.

I have the honour to be, Mr. EDITOR,

An Opposer of the Principles
that Penelope Prudence has produced.

AN ELIGIBLE CONVEYANCE.

To all to whom these presents shall come, Timothy Time-server sends greeting.

WHEREAS it has been represented, that many ladies and gentlemen are great holders of Time in quantities very pernicious to their interests, so that they are frequently obliged to kill the same; these are, therefore, to certify, that I, the said T. T., am willing to accept a grant or demise of the whole of the residue or terms of years yet unexpired, which they now hold in Time; and, in order to have the assignment conducted in the most respectable and impartial manner, I have engaged my learned friend, Cleonicus Clodpate, Esq., Barrister at Law, to settle a proper term of conveyance, the draft of which is already finished; wherein is contained, amongst other clauses and provisions highly characteristic of the conveyancer's skill, the following:——"And the said T. T., for himself, his heirs, &c., doth hereby further covenant and agree, to and with the granters, and their heirs, executors, &c., that no part or parts of the Time and term herein before granted and demised shall revert back

back again to the granters, &c., &c., to the prejudice of them, or any of them; and, for the better and more effectual securing an absolute release and dismissal of the said Time from the granters, the said T. T. hath agreed to enter into a bond, with good and sufficient surety, in the penal sum of 500,000*l.*, which shall be deemed forfeited to all intents and purposes, if one particle of Time in the said term be suffered to return back to its former owners, &c., &c., &c."——And as sixty minutes of Time will take, at least, an hour in destroying, this offer must appear, at once, highly eligible; for they may now pass their lives in peace, without the dreadful alternative of murdering Time. ——Waiting the sanction and signatures of the opulent, indolent, and unemployed,

I remain, their very humble Servant,

TIMOTHY TIMESERVER.

INDIAN SUPERSTITION.

IN the citadel of Chunar, a post of great consequence on the Ganges, according to popular tradition, on the altar, which is a black marble slab, the Deity of the place is supposed to be seated at all times, except from sun-rise till nine in the morning, when he is said to be at Benares; and, conforming to the superstition of the natives, whenever the Europeans have attacked it in this supposed absence of the Deity, their attempts have been crowned with success.

FRENCH ANECDOTE.

M. DE LA FARRE had been long an admirer of Madame De La Sabliere. Upon a visit, one morning, as he approached her, he exclaimed——

"My G—d!---Madame, what ails your eye?"

"Ah! La Farre," answered the Lady, "you no longer love me!——I have had this defect my whole life, and you never perceived it till this day!"

COUNT

CASTLE WALSTENFORTH:

A DRAMATIC ROMANCE,

IN THREE ACTS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Count Walstenforth,---a German Nobleman,
Fredrique,----------his natural Son,
Marquis di Valmont---an Italian, Friend to the Count,
Osric,----------an old Peasant,
Orlando,----------his supposed Son,
Hubert,----------a Servant of the Count's,
Baron Steinhault,-----confined in a dungeon by Walstenforth,

Baroness Steinhault,--- his Wife, Sister to the Count,
Ellinor,----------her adopted Daughter,
Lisette,----------her foster Sister,
Countess Walstenforth.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A magnificent apartment in the Castle of Count Walstenforth.

Enter Hubert.

Hubert. WHAT a poor half-witted paradoxical fellow I am! With all my honesty, I am a sad rogue; and though courageous enough to do deeds that terrify myself in the recollection, too pusillanimous to make one bold effort to free myself from this thraldom. They say 'love makes a man:'---faith, it has unmade me; for, were I not bribed to secrecy with the prospect of my dear Lisette's future happiness, and a little squeaking wrangler called Honour, this tongue should tell tales; that——— Ha!——my Governor approaches. Now, Hubert, one mean action more, to add to thy list of transgressions.—Thou must convert evil into good, and *listen*, for the sake of easing thy *conscience*. [*Retires.*

Enter the Count, *followed by his Son.*

Fredrique. Emboldened by your condescension, my Lord, I will impart to you the cause of this cherished sad-

ness. You well know the affection I have ever borne towards my amiable aunt, and with how much eagerness I covet her society; but, though at most times anxious to give me pleasure and instruction, there are hours when she seems desirous to shake me off, and indulge, uninterruptedly, in solitary rambles through the forest that skirts these demesnes. Alarmed for her safety, I have presumed to follow her, unperceived, into its gloomy recesses; and urged, perhaps too far, by curiosity, have seen her enter a small hut, from which she returned accompanied by such a lovely pair, as seem only calculated for the celestial regions!

Count. A male and female, were they not? Have you ever overheard their conversation?

Hubert (aside). So, so——this is pretty work——our secret is revealed.

Fred. Never, my Lord. The Baroness loads them with caresses, and seems reluctant to forego the pleasure of their society; and when I afterwards accost her, she starts, and trembles at my every glance [*the* Count *appears lost in thought*]. Why, how is this?——even you, my Lord, seem interested.

Count. I am, most deeply. Oh! Fredrique, this refreshens in my memory scenes I would, vainly, strive to forget. But, proceed: I will attend. How say you——does this account for your depression of spirits? What can all this be to you?

Fred. Ah! my Lord, bear with my weakness, while I confess, that this lovely mysterious girl has made an impression on my heart never to be erased.

Count (angrily). Has your prying curiosity led you to visit those peasants without my knowledge?

Fred. I scorn prevarication——Once, and once only, did I enter their humble dwelling, and saw the peaceful inmates; virtuous and happy! I was delighted with their innocent gaiety; for you know, father, the inhabitants of this Castle are never disposed to mirth——*(the* Count *starts;*

starts; Hubert *shakes his head significantly)*——Dare I say, I envied their pleasures, which seem unknown to pomp?

Count. You are sarcastic, Sir.

Fred. Unknowingly, my Lord. I mean not to offend. ——You seem affected! Dearest father!——oh, why this agitation?

Count (with much emotion). I will confide in you, my only child——*(falls on his neck: recovering).*—I was left, in early youth, possessor of this magnificent estate. My marriage with the lovely Clementina ensured my happiness. The establishment of my sister remained my only care; and with satisfaction I received proposals from a man of rank and fortune; my earliest friend—the Marquis di Valmont. What was my consternation, when Julia not only positively rejected the suit of my friend, but shamefully avowed a passion for a man who was indigent and obscure —an alien from his country! Affection overcoming pride, I pardoned their stolen marriage; and, importuned by the generous Marquis, suffered them to reside within these walls.

Fred. 'Twas like yourself, Sir,——humane and noble.

Count. Oh, hear the rest, and wonder how I live!— Young and licentious, the Baron soon beheld my wife with eyes of admiration, and treated Julia with indifference. I watched with a keen, mistrustful eye, and every day brought stronger proofs. At length, disgusted with the tears of my much-injured sister, the Baron left the Castle, on a pretence of visiting his native country. Jealousy, once awakened, seldom sleeps: I guessed his purpose; and the Marquis, wrung to the heart by treachery so base, assisted my design, and soon apprized me of a plot, that worked my soul to frenzy. A letter, intercepted by my friend, evinced the guilt of the abandoned woman whom I called my wife. In it——oh! God!——she breathed her brutal passion——invited him at midnight to her chamber; and urged, in the warmest terms, her wish to fly with him to France.

Fred. Oh! most horrible!

Count. Yet hear me out——now let one gleam of softness dart across my heart, to quell my rage. Such was the woman I had loved!——had wedded!——who promised soon to make me a *father!* Sooner should some distorted, poisonous reptile spring from unwholesome ground, and foster in my bosom, than I would call that unnatural object——*child!* I was revenged. Concealed behind the arras, I, with my friend, beheld their meeting; lighted only by the rising moon: she clasped him in her arms, as he, enraptured, hung upon her charms, which racked my soul with torture. Oh! what a moment *that* of struggling nature!——I plunged my poniard in her faithless bosom, and sunk myself, insensible of the surrounding horrors.—You weep, Fredrique!——My eyes are dry!—the fever of my rage has drunk up all my tears——my heart is scorched!!——

Fred. Oh! say no more——you cannot bear it now.

Count. Yes, yes, I can——you know not how my mind is strengthened by vengeance——deep, justifiable vengeance!

Fred. Did the Countess expire, my Lord?

Count (softened). She did! I was incapable of taking any further measures; and, by the Marquis's orders, the Baron was confined in a dungeon beneath this Castle, where he now remains.

Fred. ——And the unfortunate Julia——

Count. ——Involved in the deepest distress! I pitied her misfortunes; but her attachment to the spot which contains her husband induces her to remain here. His child I removed far from my sight; and though the separation cost my sister dear, it was a sacrifice due to my wrongs.—One of those two you mentioned is her child; which, I know not; the other is the peasant Osric's.

Fred. Then, indeed, despair is mine!

Count. Not so——Justice forbids the innocent to suffer. Fourteen years of gloomy sadness have wrought

strange

strange changes in my temper: my resentment is less violent. Your interest, Fredrique, is dearest to my heart; you may hope, should this object of your love prove, in other respects, a proper match for you, my misfortunes shall never be a bar to your happiness.

Fred. (kneeling) Words but feebly speak my gratitude and joy.

Count. Leave me, Fredrique——I feel much agitated. [*Exit* Fredrique.] Ah! could I but forget my wrongs, I might be happy, and make others so; but that can never be: the Marquis has acquired a power over me that binds me to his will. I love him not. What binds me, then?—'tis guilt, and fear!

Enter Servant.

Servant. My Lord, a courier has this moment announced the approach of the Marquis di Valmont.

Count. 'Tis well——make ready for his reception.——[*Exit* Servant.]——He knows my weakness, and dreads to leave me long without his counsel. I almost fear to meet his scowling eye. [*Exit.*

Hubert. I'm sure I do, I must seek courage from the mild looks of the sweet Baroness. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A pavilion.*

The Baroness *discovered in earnest conversation with* Hubert.

Baroness. But, why this deception, good Hubert? I know you to be my friend, and think you have no cause to doubt my honour.

Hubert. To say truly, Madam, it has been ever my maxim,---that the surest way to keep a woman from telling a secret, is not to trust her with one.

Baroness. You are gay, Hubert:---my mind is little fitted to partake of its cheerfulness.

Hubert. Lord bless you, Lady!---my head is light, but my heart is heavy enough sometimes. But, pray, now, take my advice in this instance; the terms may, perhaps, seem hard, but, believe me, it will in the end prove of the

utmost service; and, if I thought you could be bribed, there is a reward!

Baroness (eagerly). Oh!——name it.

Hubert. Your *husband!*———

Baroness (catching his arm). Will you give him his liberty!——Oh! Hubert!!

Hubert (withdrawing). Alas! Madam, I cannot. Attached as I am by duty and gratitude to the Count, to whom I owe my life, the preservation of my aged parents, dare I be the villain who would abuse the trust he places in me!——Oh! Madam, employ not the voice of Virtue in a cause so base!

Baroness. Far be it from me to tempt you to the commission of an unworthy act; but, think, Hubert———.

Hubert (waving his hand with an air of sadness). I share his confidence. Would to Heaven 'twere in a cause more virtuous!——I do my best to serve my master, without injuring my own conscience. Should I depart from my integrity, would not the world point at me as the base wretch who betrayed his benefactor?

Baroness. True!---true!

Hubert. All I can do, I will.——Wish you to see your husband?

Baroness. It is my only wish---would be my only happiness!

Hubert. So far you shall be gratified. Meet me this night, in the stone gallery, at twelve. I will conduct you to his arms.

Baroness. Thanks!---a thousand thanks! *(embracing his hand.)*

Hubert (aside, and wiping the tears from his eyes). Poor soul! her gratitude almost chokes me!——Madam, your brother is in sight: he comes this way. I must not be seen with you.——Heaven protect us! [*Exit.*

(The Baroness *turns her head away in gloomy silence, as the* Count *advances and takes her hand.)*

Count.

Count. Good morrow, my dear sister!---See how lovely and smiling all Nature seems around! Must I never hope to see your features enlivened by a ray of pleasure? ---and are you determined that your looks shall ever wear the reproachful remembrance of past offences?

Baroness. Can you expect, Count, that I shall welcome with smiles the man who keeps my husband in a dungeon! ——Restore him to my arms---to liberty; then shall my lips once more pronounce the fond, the tender appellation ——*brother!*

Count (melted almost to tears; after a pause, aside). No!---no!---it must not be.——Tear not my soul, all-powerful Nature: it shall not be!——Julia, revenge is sweet:---your husband tore from this beating bosom all it loved!——Curse on the hour! Recall it not to memory, lest destruction fall on all around——hurled by my hand!

Baroness. And is it possible that your heart is still so callous, still so dead to feeling!——The innocent——.

Count. Shall not suffer. Your child, whom, in remembrance of the various crimes, I banished, now shall be restored.

Baroness. My child!——Ah!---no!

Count. I say, it shall.——A daughter, was it not?

Baroness (pausing). It was! And, oh! could her artless looks move pity in your breast, how would our prayers, united, rise for blessings on you!

Count. Recall her while my humour serves!---Time may do wonders. The Marquis, too, is coming. Let the apartments in the northern wing be ready for him.

Baroness. That hateful wretch!——

Count (sternly). Forbear!

Enter Fredrique. *Bows to the* Baroness, *who gives him her hand.*

Fred. (aside, to the Count) Are there hopes, my Lord?

Count. Yes! *(aloud)* We soon shall introduce a lovely cousin to you, the daughter of my Julia! Do all within your power to render her abode among us pleasant.

Fred.

Fred. Indeed, my Lord, I will exert myself *(to the Baroness)*; and may I, Madam, bespeak the favour of your good report?

Baroness. Yes, dear Fredrique! I would have you feel a brother's fondness for the lovely girl.

Fred. I'm sure my heart already bounds to meet her!

Enter Servant.

Servant. My Lord,---the Marquis di Valmont.

Count. I fly to welcome him. [*Exit Servant.*] Julia, wait here, and give my friend a kind reception. [*Exit.*

Fred. This guest seems not to please you, aunt?

Baroness. Fredrique, he is a villain!

Enter Marquis *and* Count. *The* Baroness *turns her eyes upon him with a look of dignity and scorn.*

Marquis (obsequiously). My charming Julia! has not the length of time I have, at distance, sighed, for my hopes wrought any change?

Baroness. If you wish me, Marquis, to preserve the *appearance* of politeness, refrain!

Marquis. Still the same haughty beauty! [*Enter* Hubert.]---So, Count, you still retain this worthy domestic?

Count. A trusty servant is a valuable acquisition, my Lord Marquis. Such I have hitherto found Hubert.

Hubert. And ever will, my Lord.

Marquis (sneeringly). I doubt it not *(aside).* Your services are of no small importance.

Baroness (to the Count). Permit me to retire.

Count. Go!---go!

[*Exit* Baroness. *The* Marquis *snatches her hand, and kisses it as she passes.*

Marquis. No alteration has as yet taken place, I presume?

Count. None. I would to Heaven there were!—— Leave us Fredrique. [*Exit* Fredrique.

Marquis.

Marquis. Pshaw!---mere baby weakness!——Hubert, be faithful to your trust: you shall not be without reward.

Hubert (superciliously). I seek no lucrative advantage, Marquis: the approbation of my own heart would give me greater pleasure.

Marquis. I trust you have that also *(significantly).*

Hubert (looking earnestly at him). I have!

Count. Come---come---no parley: the day wears away. ——Let's to the banquet.

Marquis. Excuse me: I feel indisposed. Hubert will shew me to my chamber.

Hubert (aside). So, now for my examination!——This way, my Lord.

Count. Farewell, Di Valmont:---we'll discourse to-morrow. .[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A bed-chamber.*

A couch, table with lights and wine, on one side; the portrait of a lady, half-concealed by a crape, on the other.

Enter Hubert, *followed by the* Marquis.

Marquis. The Baron, you say, still languishes in prison?

Hubert. He does.

Marquis. So I would have it. Years of cold indifference and scorn have not diminished aught of my passion for his wife: her charms---faded, not withered---still inspire me with the fondest passion; while, yet, her modesty and virtue awes me. By these alone women are sure to conquer.

Hubert. You seem disposed to moralize, my Lord. Does it bespeak good or evil?

(The Marquis *turns to give an angry answer, and his eye catches the picture.)*

Marquis. Damnation!---Must that figure ever blast my sight?——Take it down.

Hubert (trembling). I cannot---on my soul, I cannot!

Marquis. Cowardly villain, obey me!

Hubert (resentfully). Pardon me, Marquis: a man may be a coward, yet no villain; but, I believe, there are

are few villains not cowardly. *(Takes the picture down, and discovers a sliding partition, which he opens.)*——Know you not this passage, my Lord?---it leads to the blood-stained chamber of the murdered Clementina!

Marquis (hiding his face). Oh!---oh!

Hubert (shaking his head). She was a charming lady; and, from my soul, I think her innocent!

Marquis (in a hurried manner). It could not be:---the letter——all---all proves her guilt.

Hubert. Alas!---she suffered for it.

Marquis. 'Tis fit she should. The Marquis thinks the wound he gave her proved mortal.---We are better informed, you know.

Hubert. I do---I do.

Marquis. By Heaven, your fear will betray us!——But, hark, I have more occasion for your service:---Julia must be mine.

Hubert (with a look of horror). While her husband lives!

Marquis. No, fool!---his life need not be long an obstacle——You understand me.

Hubert. I do, unwillingly. But mark, my Lord; though thus far bounden in each other's power, no persuasion nor menace shall induce me to do what you require; nor will I even connive at a deed so horrible.

[*Exit.*

Marquis (securing all the doors). That villain shakes my soul: yet he is young in his iniquity, and but the creature of my will. Still do I tremble in his presence, and every look of dawning honesty breathes daggers to my heart: every creaking motion of the wainscot gives me fresh alarm. This place is hell to me, yet it contains a charm that courts me to the torture. *(Throws himself on the couch——starting)* Sure, I heard a step!---Di Valmont, this is dastardly!——A glass of wine will raise my spirits. *(Drinks.)* Hubert may play me false: I'll not take off my clothes *(spitting).*——Perhaps there's poison in the wine:

wine: I'll drink no more, for guilt is never safe.——Hark! they are laughing: 'tis the servants. Curse on their mirth! ---the screeching owl would yield me better music.

End of Act I.

[To be continued.]

THE VILLAGE GOSSIP.

NO. II.

I FINISHED my last Paper rather abruptly: the relation of past events produced a few reflections, that, for a while, dispersed my accustomed cheerfulness, and I desired Maria to put away her work, that she might accompany me in a ramble. To this she yielded a ready acquiescence, as, indeed, she does to every wish or command of mine; and I think I never beheld a more lovely figure than she presented when tripping down the steps into the lawn which fronts our house. A simple morning dress, white as the unsullied snow, with a large bonnet of the same, was all her adornment, except a shawl of her own embroidery thrown across her shoulders, and the redundancy of her beautiful auburn tresses. She perceived a tear tremble in my eye, and her own were suffused with the radiance of sensibility, while a blush of apprehension glowed upon her cheek, lest I should misinterpret her emotion.--- Her mouth dimpled with a smile to cheer me, and every animated feature betrayed a contrariety of passions, occasioned by the most refined feelings.

Maria is not quite sixteen, but her form is perfect and elegant; and her artless affection endears her to me beyond every other charm.

We had scarcely proceeded half a mile down the lane adjoining the Hall, when my only male servant, old Peter, came breathless in pursuit of me, with information,---that a chaise had been overturned before my door, and a gentleman's

man's arm broken; and added, that he was going for Dr. Cerate, the apothecary, and that my presence was indispensably necessary.

Poor Maria trembled. Her gentle spirits are ever shocked by the sufferings of others, and we instantly retraced our steps to the Hall. The gentleman appeared about five-and-twenty. His father, a respectable looking man, was supporting him, with looks of tender anxiety; and a fashionable-looking young woman reclined upon the sofa in a sort of hysteric fit, while my maid administered the necessary restoratives. I was considerably distressed at the scene, and assisted Susan in her care of the lady, who soon recovered, and overwhelmed me with well-bred apologies.

Dr. Cerate, who had some years back been a farrier, and who is now reputed to be a famous bone-setter, soon arrived. The lady shrieked at the sight of him (and, to say the truth, his person is not the most delicate for the performance of such tender operations), and protested that her brother would expire under the paws of such a monster! The Operator found himself offended; threw his large person into additional extension, and desired she would send to London for a surgeon. He then would have left us in our disagreeable situation, had not my Maria hung about him, as if her life had been in his hands, and entreated him to exercise his skill, in despite of the lady's apprehensions. Her rhetoric, and five golden pieces which the old gentleman adroitly placed in his hand, operated so forcibly upon the doctor's feelings, that he protested—— "Nothing but the natural harmony of his heart, which would not suffer him to leave a fellow-creature in pain, could induce him to stay a moment after such an insult."

After this declaration, we had nothing to do but to leave him to the performance of his professional duty, and we retired to recruit our spirits with a few glasses of wine. I found, by further conversation, that the gentleman, whose name is Somerton, was coming to take possession of a small

small estate which he has lately purchased in this neighbourhood, and he seems a pleasant intelligent man; and, but for the affected manners of Miss Somerton, I should promise myself some agreeable society in our intercourse with the family.

When Dr. Cerate departed, we returned to the room of the invalid, and found him so much exhausted, that it was highly improper to suffer his removal; and as I offered him the use of our only spare apartment, Mr. Somerton politely entrusted him to my care, and proceeded with his daughter to Rose Bank.

Leonard Somerton has the most engaging countenance that I have seen, and bears his pain and confinement with an astonishing degree of patience. Maria is assiduous to procure him every comfort and accommodation; and, though I should be sorry to expose the dear girl to dangerous situations, I can never let the warm feelings of her heart be chilled by the cold precepts of formality and affectation: I therefore permit her attendance upon our guest, who seems extremely grateful for every little mark of attention we show to him. Maria has, though so young, received a first impression; and, as the object is in every respect deserving of her, he has little to fear from this intruder: and I well know that Maria would consider a breach of her promise to him as culpable as she would that of a marriage vow; for it is not merely the external ceremony, but the intention of the heart, and the mutual confidence thereby excited, that binds the contract. Of this I have been careful to drop frequent hints, that each may understand what is expected from them.

Mr. Somerton has long held a lucrative post under Government, which he has recently resigned. His children are amply provided for; and, having completed their education, he seeks in retirement, and their society, consolation for the loss of an amiable wife. The seat he has made choice of is a beautiful one; and, being situated on a rising ground, commands a view of an extensive country on one

side, and on the other our village, which, though small, contains a number of personages of the greatest importance----to themselves.

Round Tattle Green the four most conspicuous houses are inhabited by four conspicuous characters,---in our village at least. The first, a plain regularly built rough-cast mansion, round which the myrtles, sweet briar, and a few evergreens, are placed, as emblematical adornments, is inhabited by Mrs. Prudentia Homily, a spinster like myself, and an antient resident. On the other side, a large brick building, with iron bars to the windows, and curiously wrought blinds within, attracts the eye, by a large blue board, upon which it is explained, that the fabric belongs to Mrs. Stitchwell, the governess of a ladies seminary. Dr. Cerate inhabits the third dwelling-house, which neither claims notice from its elegance or neatness, yet serves as an excellent foil to the romantic habitation of Mrs. Mournwell, a widow of fortune, who dedicates the occupation of her leisure hours to the amusement of the public. The entrance of her house is formed to resemble a grotto; and the spare ground before it is so decorated with paper ruins, wooden Cupids, and paste swans in painted ponds, that it serves, as well as Mrs. Stitchwell's painted board, to denote the profession of the owner.

Of these I may have occasion to speak hereafter. The rest of the houses are occupied by people who "keep themselves to themselves," and are, consequently, too insignificant to claim the attention of the *public*. I must not, however, forget the Parsonage, which is a charming little structure, at the corner of the churchyard; and I have often envied Dr. Pompous, the Rector (who, reluctantly, does himself the duties of his parish), a spot so delightful!

I am summoned from my pen by Maria, who informs me, that our guest is desirous of my company.---The duties of hospitality must not be neglected.

(To be continued.)

For

For the Lady's Monthly Museum.

CONSTANTIA: A TALE.

NOTWITHSTANDING the many brilliant talents which are possessed by many of the Fair, very few are able to form a just discrimination between the characters of men in general: this may probably proceed from the force of Custom and Education. Women, blessed by Nature with a far superior portion of beauty than the other sex, expect universal adoration; and they feel uneasy, unless their vanity is fed by the adulation of the male part of the creation. This evil propensity is encouraged by the costliness of their habits, and the pains which are taken by most parents to array them in every dazzling, empty bauble, which fashionable buffoonery invents. The fond mother, glowing with presages of her child's happiness, and forming aërial schemes of her future advancement in life, will tell you,---that this is a period when her girl must display her charms in the best manner, to prevent the disgrace of an old maid. This notion frequently causes much family sorrow, and, in endeavouring to avoid one grief, they sometimes fall into a much greater, by perverting the minds of their daughters so far, that they rush hastily into the bands of matrimony, without reflecting one moment on the qualities of the man with whom they are going to venture their lives and fortunes, or forming any considerations on the solemn duties of that important state. I do not mean to attribute this impetuosity to every parent and child (there are numerous examples which testify the most admirable good conduct); but, in the anecdote which I am about to record, I shall endeavour to display before a few giddy individuals the folly and imprudence of such ridiculous ideas.

Constantia was the sole offspring of parents, respectable from their opulence and spotless reputation. Her father died, and left his daughter, yet an infant, to the care of her mother. Mrs. Sedley had the most tender heart, and

but one failing disgraced it——it was that of ostentation: she saw, with delight, that her child increased every day in beauty, wit, and sweetness of disposition. At ten years of age she was extolled as a prodigy, and promised, at some distant period, to prove a distinguished ornament to her family.

Time rolled on quickly: Constantia arrived at her sixteenth year, and then entered into the world as a woman. Her learning was great; her reading had been extensive, and gave her a romantic turn of mind; to which may be added, a soul susceptible of the most delicate feelings. Her beauty caused strange havock among the hearts of many; the men courted---the women envied her. She never appeared at any public place, but a crowd of admirers proffered their services, and she had the satisfaction of seeing herself loaded with attentions, whilst the hateful looks of some few, whose breasts were rankled with the gall of envy, completed her triumphs, and added fresh laurels to the conquests she had made.

Mrs. Sedley contemplated this with pleasure; she was overjoyed at the attentions paid her darling, because she had too much faith in her prudence to suspect any dangers that might ensue. Constantia found herself the common topic of discourse in the politest circles. Amidst so many temptations, she long preserved her heart free, but contracted an abundant desire of adulation; and, in little more than a twelvemonth, became dissatisfied with every one who she conceived did not pay a just tribute to her inimitable accomplishments.

Among those who followed her steps wherever she displayed her fascinating charms, and endeavoured to insinuate themselves into her affection, was Sir William Stanford, the only surviving son of a rich country Baronet, who had, a short time before, sunk under the weight of bodily infirmities, and journeyed to a higher Tribunal, to receive the rewards due to him, for a life spent in the exercise of every social and moral duty. Of Sir William's qualities

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we will not now enter into a dissertation; his behaviour in the sequel will be a sufficient enumeration. He sighed for the privilege of calling the lovely Constantia his own, and felt for her an affection which words would too feebly describe. Constantia easily penetrated into his character; she was fully determined to sacrifice every pleasure to the welfare and content of her husband, when she *should* enter into the marriage state; but she felt the greatest pleasure in the adoration at present paid her, and determined to enjoy it to the utmost, before she resigned her liberty to the sovereign will of one man alone. She told Stanford,---that he might be sure of her esteem, but her love she would reserve till future years, that it might be in her power to bestow it where it might seem likely to act most congenially to her solid happiness and comfort. Stanford was compelled to rest contented with this reply, and, with her permission, continued his visits, in hopes that assiduity might, in time, procure him the treasure he had fixed on as the boundary of his desires. In the mean time he applied to the mother, for her influence in persuading her daughter; but it was refused, for she was too good to bias her child's inclinations in an article so important; and, besides (though her situation in life by no means justified the supposition), she did not doubt but Constantia's perfections would ensure her the splendor of a coronet.

At this period there arrived from his travels, a Nobleman, whom we shall introduce under the name of Lorenzo. The charms of his own person were, in his opinion, so enchanting, that he could scarcely think of any thing else. He was a *pretty gentleman*---had made the *grand tour*, and, among the many valuable qualifications reaped by young men who visit foreign kingdoms, had not forgot that fashionable one, of despising the country that gave him birth, more than any other. By men of sense, he was looked upon with disgust, and censured as an insipid, egregious coxcomb:---the ladies termed him an *agreeable man.*——My Readers will not be surprized at

 this,

this, when they are told, that he had learned the art of flattery, and could utter, with the most pleasing volubility, those brilliant *nothings*, with which so many of the Fair Sex suffer their natural good sense to be deluded; and from which many, when it is too late, find themselves the dupes of meanness and artful deceit.

He became acquainted with Constantia at a ball given by her mother, and put in practice all the arts of love he had so long studied: she understood him well, and, at parting, they were in raptures with each other. From that evening, he became a daily visitor at the house.——Mrs. Sedley was overjoyed at this new conquest, and her ingenious invention promoted her daughter, by regular gradations, to the exalted station of first peeress of the realm.

Every day Lorenzo appeared more agreeable to the gay Constantia. The mild Stanford was no longer remembered; he found himself treated with neglect, and summoned courage sufficient to visit his estate in the country for a few weeks, and endeavour to forget an object which caused him so much pain. He had many accomplishments, and did not doubt of finding an inexhaustible fund of amusement in the resources of his own fertile mind.

Constantia had an uncle who loved her tenderly, and from whom she had high expectations in regard to fortune: he was one of those men who never rush into any scheme without having "well considered the end." The character of Lorenzo, in time, developed itself, and he was found to be a dissipated gamester. Captain Porton went to his niece, and, in presence of the mother, recommended her, on pain of his eternal displeasure, to abandon the misguided Lorenzo. Mrs. Sedley had already seen her error in cherishing him; and Constantia foresaw nothing in future but ruin and misfortune, if she did not renounce him.

Lorenzo had now been acquainted with her for some months, but, amidst the many soft things he had whispered in her ear, and the many happy years he assured her

which

which would be in store for both when they should be united in the silken bands of love, he had never mentioned one word of matrimony. This was a sort of blemish in his tenderness which she had not previously recollected; but, when the public eye began to notice their intimacy, and publish the more deformed parts of his character, this circumstance edged itself into her thoughts with accumulated force; and, as she was naturally very virtuous, memory placed before her a thousand little defects in the conduct of her *charming* lover, which, in the warmth of their affection, she had overlooked.

But the little arch-offspring of Venus had shot his arrow so deep into her heart, that it required the most powerful efforts to clear herself of the dangers which surrounded her. She was blessed with a great share of prudence; the incense of flattery had, for a while, shaded it, but, renovated by caution and good advice, it now burst forth with additional splendor. She determined to try the affection of Lorenzo, though the execution should involve her in grief.

In the midst of these lucubrations Lorenzo arrives, adorned with the most engaging charms which Nature and Art could bestow upon him. He repeated his vows, as he was daily accustomed to do; but had not proceeded far, when Sir William Stanford was announced.——Constantia ordered him to be introduced.

"Mercy! Madam!" said Lorenzo, "what is the meaning of this? Admit my rival, when I am enjoying a *tête à tête* with you!——Ah! I see I am no longer to you what I have been."

"Your suspicions are unfounded," replied Constantia: "my behaviour to you does not justify them. Politeness requires that I should treat Sir William with some respect; and you ought to have too much confidence in your own merits, to suppose that he is powerful enough to be dangerous."

"True!" replied he, clapping his thigh, and surveying himself: "I believe, I need not be very apprehensive about the poor fellow."

The

The triumvirate were enjoying a sprightly conversation, when Mrs. Sedley entered.

"Welcome, Madam!" said the brisk Lorenzo; "will you not confirm my assertion?——I have been telling Sir William, that his miserable gloominess will never enslave the Fair. What think you of my favourite maxim?——Levity is the soul of love---is it not?"

"In some cases it may be," said the good parent, with a contracted brow; "but I will be brief with you, gentlemen.——My daughter is inexperienced; she has seen but little of the world. I have found my error in introducing her too early into fashionable circles. She is yet young; censure will spread, even when there is no cause; and I find it necessary, for my own ease, that she should, for the present, be divested of all male visitors. At some future time your attentions may be more agreeable; and I trust that the good sense both of you possess, will not permit you to be offended at these hints."

Sir William walked to the window, to conceal his agitation.

"But, Madam!" resumed the *sprightly* Nobleman, "you, surely, do not mean to banish me from the sight of this charming young lady! At least, if I may not visit *her*, you will, surely, permit her to visit *me*; for, absolutely, if I am prevented from contemplating her sweet graces, I shall lose the very prop of my existence."

The answer of Mrs. Sedley to this speech may be easily conceived. Without detailing the conversation that ensued, it is sufficient to say, that the two lovers were compelled to obey the sentence. At parting, Lorenzo clasped the hand of Constantia, and said——

"Farewel!---I am going to leave you, but only a short time. I shall be impatient for a few months: I positively cannot be absent any longer."

"A twelvemonth I must exact as the shortest period," cried Mrs. Sedley.

"Cruel,

——" Cruel, cruel, Madam!---I shall never be able to endure it. But, perhaps, circumstances will come to pass in the interim, which may induce you to shorten it."

" True, my Lord," replied she.

Lorenzo departed.——Sir William's turn was next.

" Adieu!" sighed he. " My rival's banishment is fixed at a certain distance of time, and I hope mine will not exceed it!"

" When it is expired, we shall be happy to see you," replied the mother and daughter.——This amiable youth then took his leave, and Mrs. Sedley and Constantia were determined to finish the plan they had so successfully began.

Stanford returned to the country, and endeavoured to conquer his grief: he yet lived in hopes, and looked forward, with anxious expectation, to the time when he should be allowed to pay his respects to the idol of his heart.

We have before mentioned Captain Porton, the young lady's uncle. It would have been impossible, nor was it consistent with propriety, for Mrs. Sedley, in person, to observe the conduct of the two lovers; the care of the business was, therefore, entrusted to the gentleman abovenamed.

The twelvemonth, at length, expired, and the worthy Captain gave an account of his proceedings. It appeared, that Sir William had conducted himself with the most uniform tenderness and humanity; that he had not deviated in the least from his accustomed goodness; and that every proof of the greatest reverence and love for the virtues of Constantia had been shown by him, both in public and private life, and in situations where it was known that he might have told the true state of his heart, without any suspicion of the secret being divulged to his prejudice.

On the other hand, immediately after quitting the society of Mrs. Sedley, Lorenzo had plunged into the greatest dissipations, and taken a trip to France. He was followed by Captain Porton, and it was soon perceived that an elegant

gant equipage, the gaming-house, and a handsome *fille de joye*, made ample amends for the loss of our heroine.

Stanford and Lorenzo were punctual to the day, and both were received very graciously by Mrs. Sedley; but the latter lover was surprized at hearing, some days after, that his rival was the intended husband of Constantia; and he flew to her, and endeavoured to ingratiate himself into her favour by those seducing arts he had formerly displayed. But experience had made her wise;---she preferred the dignified feelings of Sir William to the frivolous airs of an insignificant *petit maître*; and, in a few weeks, was saluted by the name of Lady Stanford.

A short time after her nuptials, Lorenzo was rallied by one of his *friends*, on being foiled in his plan of marriage.

"Pshaw!" cried he:---"marriage!---the effusions of a silly girl's imagination!——A wife is a piece of furniture whose value always rises or falls in proportion to the weight of one's purse; and we never hazard ourselves in such a situation, unless it is to avoid a more disagreeable one. She would have done me honour as a mistress:——it was to that station I meant to have raised her; and, if a pretty woman will rush into one's arms, who can resist her beauty?"

Constantia heard of these expressions; "her heart ascended to the Great Creator;" and she returned him thanks for having given her grace to avoid the snares of a villain!

Nov. 1, 1800.

To the Editor of the Lady's Monthly Museum.

SIR,

I AM well aware that it would be highly disagreeable to you to make your Publication a channel of abuse from one author to another, and, therefore, must request you to regard

regard the following lines as dictated more in good-natured "pity, than in anger;" and, if they are considered as offensive, shall with pleasure consent to their being suppressed.

I have been led into some slight reflections, occasioned by reading, in your Magazine for November,* an Essay on Female Fashions; and I am amazed to find an apparently well-informed person maintain, with so much warmth, a subject almost universally deprecated.

The *gallant chivalric professor* must, no doubt, be admired for the ingenuity with which *he* "draws his pen in defence of the Fair;" and it is highly useful to the ladies that they can find so able and merry an advocate, when nearly the whole of us "cropped nobs" seem determined to be "quite out of humour with them."

That jokes appear on the subject of which he treats, is not to be wondered at; caricature and satire are levelled at the meanest things; but, when anecdotes upon Dress, particularly adapted to the attention of the Female Sex, are given to the public eye in a newspaper, or other miscellany, we may suppose that the writers of such articles have too much confidence in the taste of the Fair, to think it *necessary* to point out a remedy; or, in the words of Meanwell himself, "honestly to declare what they would have."——It is sufficient for them to disclose the *cause* of their satire; and, when it is urged by thousands, at this day, that the cloathing of the English ladies is disgraceful to themselves and their country, it is easily known how such remarks may be avoided in future; and I am certainly of opinion with such writers, though they may be *apothecaries*, that dress was invented more to prevent "asthmatic and consumptive disorders," than to inspire voluptuousness, and prove derogatory to the dignity which ladies ought always to consider as due to themselves.

I am no advocate for the antient cumbrous habits worn centuries past; but would only recommend to my country-

* Vol. V. p. 385.

women

women to clothe themselves with that simple, yet pleasing elegance, which never fails to attract notice, and which many of them, even at present, to their honour, approve and imitate. Permit me to inform them, that it is imprudent to expose so much those charms which ought only to enrapture the eyes of a fond heart, and not provoke the insults of a disgusting rake.

The next position by which the ingenious Meanwell enforces his argument, is, by endeavouring to prove the *inutility* of dress; and here let me remark, that the ladies ought to repay him with the most unbounded thanks for his kindness and *decency*, in comparing the inhabitants of an enlightened and powerful nation to a tribe of ignorant, barbarous, untutored savages, whom the God of Nature, for some wise purpose, has endowed with scarcely any other gifts but those which are possessed by the meanest of the brute creation: in truth, for this admirable part of his defence, the laurel of triumph should be awarded him. At Rome, whose recorded deeds, at one period of time, are the admiration of the world, the laurel crown was never reckoned so honourable as when graced by the smiles of a virtuous matron; but, I fear, that, if the *naked* doctrines of Meanwell were much attended to, his laurel crown, instead of its beauty being expanded by the voice of innocence, would be blasted by the impure breath of universal harlotry; for the shield of virtue is decency; and, when this is gone, what can support the other?

When he tells us that "our ancestors wore no dress," he must evidently mean that they wore no cloths, silks, &c. These articles were certainly beyond the conception of nations in the first æra of their ignorance; but, I believe, all those kingdoms which are now ranked in the scale of the civilized world, had some kind of covering; and we are expressly told by Hume, when he informs us of the earliest customs of our forefathers, that the Britons were clothed in the skins of beasts.

With

With respect to dress being invented from a *desire to please*, I will most cordially agree with him. As empires advanced in age, they advanced in learning, and literature forced its way through the barriers of barbarism. Mankind became instructed in the rules of propriety, and soon found that the only way to create a lasting attachment between man and woman, was to abolish vileness and immorality. I feel proud that it is necessary such an "infinite number of baits" should be used to allure us; for I hope that, in time, this circumstance will help to convince my Fair Countrywomen that we are only to be secured by timidity and prudence; and, when they are disposed to yield to such ridiculous fashions, let them think they hear the voice of man whispering in their ear——

Souvent le beauté m'éblouit;
Mais c'est la pudeur qui m'attache;
Je fuis la belle qui me suit
Je poursuis celle qui se vache.

IMITATED.

Beauty may please, as a toy,
But 'tis Chastity wakens Love's fire;
The bliss we so quickly enjoy,
As quickly we cease to admire.

If Meanwell is willing, by the invectives which he bestows on his own sex, to ingratiate himself meanly into the favour of the Fair, in so doing I would have him behave impartially. I cannot conceive his meaning, when he rails against *poultice handkerchiefs;* but I had forgot, that, without doubt, being an admirer of *ease*, he disdains such useless ornaments; and it is certainly much more agreeable to see "the grisly bristles of a pushing beard" adorn the chin and throat of a *natural* philosopher.---*Pantaloons* and *half boots* are, likewise, unnecessary; for the constitution of man (we are to suppose from his argument) is formed of

adamant.—Frost and snow cannot penetrate the veins of a naked limb, even allowing such limb to be the one most exposed to danger; and, setting aside this in dirty weather, our flesh covered with mud and filth, must be much more pleasing for the Fair Sex to behold, than if we appeared wholesome and clean; for such things are incompatible with that *state of Nature* which Meanwell inculcates, though, truly, he gives the ladies a melancholy proof of his regard, by recommending a system, which, by "asthmatic and consumptive disorders" in the prime of youth, leads them to the grave.

The ladies will see their interest in behaving to Meanwell with the greatest kindness possible; for, having displayed such irresistible powers, if he does not receive the reward his ingenuity merits, and which he seems by his flattery to expect, he may probably be induced to turn his artillery against those whom he now praises, and salute them (neither untruly nor unjustly) with the same epithets (excepting some slight variations) which he so generously showers on his brethren. I could mention some of the titles with which he might, perhaps, bespatter them; but I would by no means be considered as a common caviller against the ladies.

To conclude.——The Fair Sex would do well to shun and ridicule those artful beings who study to gain their affections by such paltry expedients, and bestow their enchanting smiles on those, who, though they are too honest to abet them in any schemes which may tend to stain the character of an English female, will ever be first to defend them in a good cause.

I would likewise humbly recommend to Meanwell, to employ his mind in future on subjects that may increase his reputation, and not on such as decorum and honour forbid the encouragement of.

It will, perhaps, be said, Mr. Editor, that I am an old bachelor, or indignant lover; but, Sir, I am neither; and,

if

if any dispassionate person examines my Essay, nothing will be found in it to warrant either title being cast upon me.

S. W.

Gardez-vous du flatteur;
Sou venin se cache sous le rire.

I cannot lay down my pen without noticing the efforts of Meanwell's worthy Co-adjutor.* He really seems not to have neglected the duties of his *mercantile* apprenticeship; and, his *unintelligible jargon* being more adapted for the counting-house than for the entertainment of my lovely Countrywomen, I must advise him to abandon entirely the path of literature; and, in so doing, he will "do the needful."

Nov. 3, 1800.

THE INSPECTOR.

NO. VI.

What art, oh, Fashion! pow'r supreme below!
Which makes us Virtue, Nature, Sense, forego;
Our grandames' modes, long absent from our eyes,
At thy all-pow'rful bidding duteous rise:
The Peer, Prince, Peasant, Soldier, Squire, Divine,
Goddess of Change, bend low before thy shrine!

Dr. Warton.

IN contemplating the fashionable world, I have often wondered how its votaries can so tamely submit to be governed by the most tyrannical of all tyrants: constantly revolving round the same vortex of fashion, they become voluntary slaves, obliged to comply with every innovation introduced by that capricious dame. However they may find themselves stimulated by a natural propensity to a

* Vol. V. p. 387.

laudable action, yet, if not sanctioned by precedent, they feel, as it were, compelled to desist, because some Right Honourable personage prohibits them by his example; or, on the other hand, they subject themselves to the dreadful risque of being branded with the odious appellation of "ungenteel" creatures whom she knows not, and, consequently, born only to administer to her luxuries.

I think I have read, in some of the Spectators, a letter from a correspondent, with a proposal to the public of erecting a society for the inspection of modes and fashions; so that, when any person or persons appeared singularly habited, they might, on application, procure a testimonial from the society, that their dress was conformable to the prevailing mode; by which means, the great inconveniencies which the provincialists labour under, in having dresses palmed upon them for real London fashions, which were never so much as heard of there, might be prevented.—— Now, I cannot but congratulate the ladies of the present age on possessing such an advantage over their grandmothers, since the attention bestowed by the EDITOR of this truly valuable Miscellany, on that important article, at once convinces us that there is now no necessity for any such institution.

I can also instance another particular, which no less recommends it to the notice of our sex. I dare say many of my Fair Readers have observed the avidity with which several gentlemen snatch up any recent number, and, turning to the plates, how minutely they have surveyed the portrait, endeavouring to have a similitude to their respective mistresses: nay, I am told of one gentleman, who, by robbing the volume of its greatest ornaments, has gained portraits of all the ladies to whom he had ever paid any degree of attention.

There seems to be an almost irresistible propensity in the human mind to imitate the manners of their superiors. If we examine the conduct of every individual, we find them continually labouring to reach a more elevated station,

tion, which, however laudable in a certain degree, when carried to excess is absolutely intolerable, and subjects them to every species of contempt. How ridiculous is it to behold those in the lower spheres of life, whose exertions should necessarily be directed to a more important goal, affecting the manners of the higher circles, and, as it were, doing every thing mechanically: diurnally complying to the prevailing mode, they are ever ready to affirm, that their exercise---nay, every thing they do, must be regulated by, and done in, fashion.

There is nothing possesses so universal an influence over us as fashion. How many are there who undergo the greatest pain and inconveniency, merely to be considered as people of mode?---for this, the beau is content to entail his estate, and ruin his constitution. And how many more are there who sacrifice the rosy bloom of health in compliance to this fascinating evil?---for this, the virgin is willing to forfeit her reputation, and the tradesman his integrity. Nay, the mechanic loses his credit, risques his very bread, and, too frequently, suffers himself to be dragged to the dreary confines of a gaol, for affecting an appearance above his circumstances.

These are but a few partial evils occasioned by this deceitful syren. Happiness has been, by many excellent writers, placed more immediately in the middle stations of life, because, from concurring circumstances, they could more easily adapt themselves to partake the pleasures of those above, or those below them. There is, likewise, a degree of intelligence necessary to complete this happiness, which they could easily compass from a better opportunity of knowing the prejudices of mankind, and comparing them with each other. But fashion has, in a great measure, banished permanent happiness from every circle. The middle classes, so long as they retained their natural simplicity and virtue, undoubtedly enjoyed a larger portion of it than any other part of society. Whilst their language bespoke the genuine feelings of the heart, they could entertain their

friends without all that politeness and formality necessary in more elevated circles: they were masters of their own time and actions. But, now, we must reverse the scene, and contemplate them affecting every species of politeness practised by their superiors; whilst their dress, and other fantastic pleasures, occupy most of that time which ought to be spent in their several occupations.

It likewise possesses a very considerable influence over our senses and perceptions, which are too frequently perverted from their original dispositions by education, habit, and fashion. As the ingenious Dr. Smollet has treated on this particular (to which I beg leave to refer my Fair Readers), I shall only make a few brief observations. ——Sympathy is frequently looked upon by the great as incompatible with their exalted stations; but Nature, who acknowledges no distinctions of rich or poor, has originally, and impartially, implanted in the human heart that exquisite sense of fellow-feeling, which the fashionable great take so much pains to eradicate, as only possessing it in common with the "roughest peasant that traverses the bleakest mountains;" thus, as the ingenious Essayist observes, they become creatures of art and affectation!——"I have seen," continues he, "a young creature, possessed of the most delicate complexion, and exhibiting features that indicate sensibility, sit without emotion, and behold the most tender and interesting scenes of Otway represented with all the energy of action; so happy had she been in her efforts to conquer the prejudices of Nature."——But I forbear to dwell on this unpleasant theme, as also on its effect upon the other senses, leaving it to the candid reflections of my Fair Readers.

But we have not yet noticed its effects on the moral world. Fashion engages so much of our attention when it once gains ascendancy, that the mind becomes abstracted from every locality. It inspires pride, vanity, and many other passions equally repugnant to morality; a pride which estranges us from our natural connexions, and a vanity inseparable from folly.

But

But it is now time to place fashion in a more ludicrous view, and, in retrospection, contemplate the vicissitudes it experiences. I shall, first, for the amusement of my Fair Readers, place before them, in idea, an English beau of the fourteenth century, than which nothing can exhibit a more fantastic appearance.——Conceive to yourselves a Quixotic figure of a man, with long-pointed shoes fastened to his knees with gold chains; hose of one colour on one leg, and of another colour on the other; short breeches of a remarkably thin texture, which hardly reached the middle of his thighs; a long beard, of which, it seems, they were particularly careful, having, at a much later period, buckram cases to preserve them from being tumbled in their sleep; a silk hood buttoned under his chin, embroidered with grotesque figures of animals, dancing dogs, &c., and sometimes ornamented with gold and precious stones: this dress was the top of the mode, in the reign of Edward III.——What a contrast to the bucks of the present day!!!

How sudden are the transitions of fashion from deformity to beauty! While we view the antique dress of an old family picture, what a propensity we experience to ridicule the preposterous taste of our fore-elders!---and, yet, there is no doubt but our present garbs, whilst they considered the superiority of their own, would have appeared equally ludicrous in their days.——How remarkably do the fluctuations of fashion operate during the short period of our transitory existence! A broad-backed coat, a high-crowned hat, or a long waist, become, in a short time, laughably absurd;

> "Hence, girls, once modest, without blush appear
> "With legs display'd, and swan-soft bosoms bare:"

by this satyrist it appears, that the dresses of our Fair Belles are not peculiar to the present times; nay, all my predecessors have had occasion to censure this affectation of nakedness.

I sup-

suppose, ere this, that the consciences of many of my Fair Readers prompt them to anticipate some satyrical animadversions on the present mode of dress: but I forbear to dwell on so trite a subject, as most of our periodical works teem with reflections of this nature, leaving that period to their own good sense, when every delicate mind shall hail so desirable a reformation. I would only ask, if their secondary pleasures ever excelled, or even equalled, their primary sensations?——Certain it is, that the most curious and beautiful objects progressively lose their charms from familiarity.

"'Twas an admirable performance of Kemble's!" exclaimed 'Squire Rustic.——"*True, Sir; but we, who see him so frequently, are almost strangers to his excellence.*"—— "But, that charming air of Mrs. Mountain's————." "——*was certainly pretty; but I had heard it before.*" ——"What a beautiful production is Bloomfield's Farmer's Boy!"——"*It is a fine Poem; but I have read it before.*"——Let every lady, therefore, take care, that, while she is displaying in public a bosom whiter than snow, the men do not look as if they were saying——"It is vastly pretty; *but we have seen it before.*"*

I cannot conclude without offering these remarks to my Fair Readers, on the important subject of Dress:——Let your own discretion be your tutor; adapt the dress to the complexion, with this special observance, that you "overstep not the modesty of Nature." Let an apparent ease and negligence be discovered, that it may seem more the effect of a native simplicity than art.——Observe the beautiful Lavinia,

> ---------- A native grace
> Sat, fair-proportion'd, on her polish'd limbs;
> Veil'd in a simple robe, their best attire,
> Beyond the pomp of dress: for loveliness
> Needs not the foreign aid of ornament;
> But is, when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most.
>
> THOMSON.

Stockton, Nov. 1800. X.

* See "The World."

THE

THE FEMALE MENTOR.

ON GENTLENESS AND AFFABILITY.

GENTLENESS and Affability may, doubtless, be considered as characteristic virtues to distinguish the sex, and render them objects of love and admiration. Amiable as the possession of these qualities must appear, and attractive as they are thought by the bulk of mankind, yet, either from a false system in the present mode of education, or the erroneous* opinions which unfortunately have been spread, they seem to have lost much of that prevailing influence which used to direct the actions of the Fair.

Softness and sensibility, which were formerly considered the most attractive graces that a female could possess, are now thought marks of childish imbecility, that absolutely disgrace a reflecting mind; and we hear women arguing upon the rights of reason, with as much warmth as senators in a parliamentary debate.

Did this unfortunate misconception of ideas extend its influence no further than *debate*, we should lament that time was not better occupied than in a useless warfare of angry words; but the evil, alas! is of a more dreadful nature, and aims at the subversion of domestic peace; for we no longer behold that pliancy of temper which cement-ed the bonds of connubial love.

"True gentleness," says an Author† who has expatiated upon the subject, "is founded upon a sense of what we owe to Him who made us, and to the common nature of which we all share: it arises from a conviction of our own imperfections, and a just view of the condition and duty of man. It is affable in its address, mild in its demeanour, and fearful of inflicting the slightest pain; breathing habibitual kindness towards friends, courtesy to strangers, and

* See Mrs. Wolstonecraft's Rights of Women. † Blair.

long-

long-suffering to enemies. It exercises authority with moderation, administers reproof with tenderness, and confers favours with modesty and ease. It contends not eagerly about trifles, is slow to contradict, and still slower to blame; but prompt to allay dissention and restore peace. It delights, above all things, to alleviate distress; and, if it cannot dry up the falling tear, to sooth, at least, the grieving heart. It seeks to please, rather than to shine and dazzle; and conceals with care that superiority, either of rank or talents, which is oppressive to those who are beneath it."

This charming description of Affability and Gentleness, though not separately recommended by its elegant Author to the imitation of either sex, is peculiarly adapted to the practice of the Fair, as it breathes all those mild and benevolent propensities which are calculated to captivate the generality of mankind. How much more attractive must a young woman appear, who is content to tread the path which Nature has prescribed, than one, who, by overleaping the barrier which divides the sexes, seems to defy opinion, and oppose constraint!——What man of delicacy or refinement would wish to unite himself to a female whose happiness was derived from controversy and debate, and who, instead of discharging her domestic duties, thought them beneath the dignity of an enlightened mind?

If happiness could be attained by separate exertions, or society was not composed of one extensive chain, individuals might act upon a selfish principle, wholly regardless of each other's peace; but, as our gratifications in this life, doubtless, depend upon mutual endeavours to delight and please, how necessary is it that we should cherish those propensities by which our happiness is most likely to be attained. Years may pass over our heads without affording us an opportunity for acts of high beneficence; but each day presents us with the power of augmenting the gratification of those with whom we are combined.

"Banish Gentleness from the earth," says the Author whom I have quoted, "and suppose the world to be filled with

with contentious spirits: the solitude of a desert were preferable to it; the conflict of jarring elements in chaos; the cave where subterraneous winds contend and roar: the den where serpents hiss and beasts of the forest howl, would be the only proper representations of such assemblies of men."

The Gentleness which this amiable Author recommends is easily to be distinguished from that artificial courtesy and studied smoothness of manners, which is so frequently acquired in the school of the world. Such accomplishments the most frivolous and empty may possess; and, too often, they are employed as snares for the unwary, who are caught by the appearance of refinement and ease.

Gentleness is, in truth, the great avenue to mutual enjoyment; amidst the strife of interfering interests, it tempers the violence of contention, and keeps alive the seeds of harmony; it softens animosities, renews endearments, and renders the countenance of man as refreshment to man. When calmness and benignity establish their empire in our bosoms, external evils make but slight impressions there; but, when ill-humour and disgust take possession of the mind, the most casual disappointments are magnified into afflictions, and tend to increase that natural stock of spleen which is calculated to embitter every moment of our lives. The gentle mind has been compared to a smooth stream, which reflects every object in its just proportion and fairest colours; but the violent spirit, like troubled waters, renders back the image of things broken and distorted, and communicates to them that disordered motion which arises solely from its own agitation.

If Affability and Gentleness have the power to impart such tranquilizing emotions to the human mind, how necessary is it that we should cherish those propensities which are calculated to procure us both happiness and peace. The desire of being *pleased*, is, doubtless, universal; and if the desire of *pleasing* was so likewise, we might have a foretaste

taste of that happiness which we hope to enjoy in the mansions of the blessed.

As human beings are the most dependent of all creatures, how ill does it become them to indulge arrogance or pride; and, so frequent are the vicissitudes in the most affluent stations, that even *policy* might instruct us in the art to *please*: dark clouds may obscure the most brilliant sky, and the sun which rose irradiate and bright, is often doomed to set amidst the darkest storms. When misfortune assails a benevolent mind, where Affability and Gentleness had always been displayed, each sympathizing bosom shares the sorrow, and tries, by soothing, to abate the pain.

How essential, then, to the happiness of society in general, is the practice of affability, gentleness, and ease; and how peculiarly unamiable is the female character which has lost the relish to delight and please! Controversy and disputation seem such unamiable propensities in beings whom Nature designed to engage, that we could hardly believe it possible they could so far forget their station, as blindly to follow such mistaken advice. Those affected marks of feminine imbecility which Mrs. Wolstonecraft wisely condemned, doubtless, deserved to be treated with severity; but she might still have confined them to their proper sphere, and, instead of endeavouring to destroy all distinction between the sexes, recommended those virtues which peculiarly adorn her own.

Let me, then, recommend to the younger part of my Readers the constant practice of affability and ease; and let them be assured, that a complying disposition is the means of preventing half the petty evils of life. Did we reflect for a moment upon the despicable trifles which are suffered to create dispute, we should see the folly of allowing our tempers to be ruffled by things too paltry to promote our peace.

CANINE

CANINE FIDELITY.

DURING the late invasion of Holland, a British Officer wrote to his sister a letter, in which he related the following singular cicrumstance, which happened when the enemy were driven from Camperdown Hills.

"I saw a French soldier, one of their infantry, lying dead, having been shot through the breast, and a little spaniel, remarkably beautiful, lying by his side. Two of our pioneers coming by, I desired them to take away the dog. It was with difficulty they could catch him, as he ran about his dead master, and seemed determined not to be separated from him. They, at length, caught him, and carried him away for above half a mile, and quite out of sight of the dead body; but he got from them by a sudden spring, and ran back again. I had the curiosity to return, to see his behaviour. I found him taking hold of the dead soldier's hand, pulling it, and barking incessantly. In this situation I left the poor animal.

"I was told, the next morning, by a dragoon who came that way, that, after the pioneers had buried his master, he had scratched the sand, and made a hole large enough to hold himself, where he continued howling and mourning for the whole day of the 3d, until one man, more cruel, or more kind (I know not which) than the rest, put an end to his existence, by knocking him on the head with the butt end of his musket."

MEDICAL APHORISM.

THE celebrated Boerhaave ordered, that all his manuscripts and books should be burned, one large volume, with gilt leaves and silver clasps, excepted. The physical people flocked to Leyden, and entreated the executors to disobey the will. The effects were sold.——A

German Count, convinced that the great gilt book contained the whole *arcana* of physic, bought it at ten thousand guilders. On examining it, he found that it was all blank paper but the first page, on which was written——*Keep the head cool, the feet warm, and the body open; and bid defiance to the physician!*

E.

NATURAL CURIOSITIES,

That are not generally known.

A LADY writes, in a letter from Canton, lately received, that, about four miles from the city of Johol, in CHINA, there is an immense pillar or column of solid rock, situated on the pinnacle of a high mountain, and very near the verge of it, from which it rises, in an irregular manner, to the height of four hundred feet. It is small at its base, but gradually enlarges towards its summit; and from many of its projecting parts issue streams of the finest water, which, falling from so many sources, and from such a stupendous height, give the whole a glittering appearance in the sun, which is almost indescribable. The upper part of this enormous rock, which is rather flat, appears to be covered with shrubs and verdure; but, as it is absolutely inaccessible, there is no possibility of knowing the kind of plants which crown it. It is esteemed, and with great propriety, by the Chinese, as among the first natural curiosities of their country, and is known by the name of Pansuiashaung.

A gentleman in the suite of the late Embassy to the King of Candahar, remarks, in a letter lately received from Calcutta, that, in an excursion to the westward of CABUL, the suite passed a tree of prodigious height. Some of the natives assured them that it was not of an uncommon growth, as in the interior they may be found in great abundance.

abundance. According to an elevation, this stupendous work of Nature measured, in height, one hundred and seventy-eight feet: it was of a kind named by the natives the White Gum, which they esteem as an antidote against certain degrees of contagion. The natives had notched this tree for the purposes of climbing, as it grows remarkably straight, when young, to the height of ninety-six feet, before the tree attains its first shoot or branch.

At NAPLES, in the Church of the Minims, there is an agate on the altar-piece, which perfectly represents a St. Francis, with his beard, capuchin, &c., all in their proper colours.——At the Church of Bethlem there are several columns of transparent jasper, on which are naturally pourtrayed the figures of a variety of birds, fishes, fruits, and other objects. There is also a fine transparent Indian stone, of various colours, which, when exposed to the beams of the sun, displays a man mounted on an elephant: the man wears a blue turban, and is habited in a Morocco dress, as red and scarlet. These figures are said to be so very correct, as to be easily mistaken for a picture.

NAUTICAL ANECDOTE.

A SEAMAN, under the command of Sir Peter Denis, in a late war, ran from his quarters: the stigmas thrown out by his shipmates so harassed the man, that his life was a burden to him. Upon a second engagement against Conflans, the same man was made captain of a gun, and behaved with as much intrepidity as any seaman in the ship.---This proves Lord Rochester's observation——

"That all men would be cowards, if they durst."

MILITARY ANECDOTE.

AT the battle of Dettingen, one of our most esteemed regiments gave way on the first onset of the enemy, and every man retired with no small precipitation, a Black Trumpeter excepted, who kept blowing his instrument until he was surrounded by the enemy, and taken. After an exchange of prisoners, he returned to England, where he was so much noticed, that the Proprietors of both Theatres gave him each a free benefit. The same regiment, and the same Black Hero, exhibited at Fontenoy: the former regained their honour by astonishing acts of bravery; the latter, in the height of the engagement, turned his white steed, and suddenly left the field.

Being afterwards, by some of his own regiment (I believe, a court martial), desired to account for a behaviour so very different from that which gained him so much applause, he replied——Reproach had made them desperate, which at that time (meaning the time of engagement) was not his case.

How far his reply may be just, we do not say; but his behaviour agreed with the general opinion——that few men, however intrepid, have the same proportion of courage at all times.

CELEBRATED BRITISH LADIES.

NO. XVIII.

MARGARET Duchess of Newcastle, daughter of Sir Charles Lucas, was born at St. John's, near Colchester, in Essex, about the latter end of the reign of King James I. Her mother took the utmost care in the education of this and her other daughters, and gave them all the polite accomplishments in which young ladies are usually

usually instructed; as needle-work, dancing, music, and the French tongue. She was herself a woman of an excellent character, which this her daughter did justice to in her writings afterwards. From her infancy she discovered a natural propensity to learning, and spent so much time in her study and writing, that, had she been acquainted with the learned languages, her knowledge would have been more extensive, her genius more refined, and her compositions more in the taste of the antients.

In 1643 she obtained leave of her mother to go to Oxford, where the Court then resided, and was made one of the Maids of Honour to Henrietta Maria, the consort of King Charles I.; and when the Queen was obliged, by the unhappy situation of the King's affairs, to retire to France, she attended her thither to Paris: she became acquainted with the Marquis of Newcastle, then a widower, who, admiring her person, disposition, and ingenuity, was there married to her in 1645. From Paris they went to Rotterdam, and from thence they removed to Antwerp, where they settled, and remained during the time of their exile, quietly enjoying the remnant of their broken fortunes. She proved a very agreeable companion to the Marquis in this her melancholy recess, as well by her writings as conversation, as the many compliments he made to her on these occasions sufficiently testify.

Being greatly distressed for want of money, and by debts they contracted there, she came to England, in order to obtain some of the Marquis's rents; and, accordingly, went with Lord Lucas, her brother, to Goldsmith's Hall, but could not procure a grant to receive one penny of the Marquis's vast estate; and, had they not been relieved by the generosity of Sir Charles Cavendish, his brother, they must have been reduced to extreme poverty. Having procured a considerable sum from her own and the Marquis's relations, she returned to Antwerp, where they continued till the restoration of King Charles II. This opportunity the Marquis laid hold of to return to his native country,

after sixteen years banishment from it, leaving his Lady at Antwerp to dispatch his affairs there; which having done, she soon followed him into England, where she spent the remainder of her life in composing and writing letters, plays, poems, philosophical discourses, and orations.——Mr. Giles Jacob says,---That she was the most voluminous writer of our female poets; that she had a great deal of wit, and a more than ordinary propensity to dramatic poetry.——Mr. Langbaine tells us,---That all the language and plots of her plays were her own, which will atone for some faults in her numerous productions.

In her person, she was graceful and noble; in her temper, shy and reserved; in her studies, contemplations, and writings, indefatigable: she was truly pious, generous, and charitable; was an excellent economist, kind to her servants, and a perfect pattern of conjugal love and duty.

She died at London in 1673, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, January 7, 1673-4, where an elegant monument is erected to her memory; upon which is inscribed the following epitaph:

"Here lies the loyal Duke of Newcastle, and his Duchess, his second wife, by whom he had no issue: her name was Margaret Lucas, youngest sister to the Lord Lucas, of Colchester, a noble family; for all the brothers were valiant, and all the sisters virtuous. The Duchess was a wise, witty, and learned Lady, which her many books do well testify: she was a most virtuous, and loving, and careful wife, and was with her Lord all the time of his banishment and miseries; and, when she came home, never parted with him in his solitary retirement."

ON SOLITUDE.

HAPPY is he, who, far from the troubles of a tumultuous world, enjoys the pleasures of a delicious solitude, the chief comfort of which is self-conversation. The

The acknowledgment of a good conscience makes him smile with indignation on the vanities of life: he has no other desire but the tranquility of his mind; he does not fear the inconstancy of virtue, nor the whims of chance; he despises riches, and the perishable grandeurs of the world: he is pleased with the present, and not uneasy about the future. Happy for himself, he is troublesome to no person. He is never obliged to speak contrary to his own sentiments, nor to suffer from the contradiction of opiniatreté: he studies the past, and observes the present. Equally inaccessible to pride and ambition, avarice is, in his sight, a folly; luxury, a ridiculous brilliancy; envy, a meanness; and laziness, a crime. Occupied in adoring his Creator, his tongue does not use itself upon trifles. Sober in his meals, he is not exposed to ruin his health by eating and drinking. He does whatever he will, because his wishes tend only to what he can perform. He lies down free from cares, reposes in the arms of tranquility, and rises early with joy. He knows how to employ time, and sees the thread of his life surrounded with silk and gold. His correspondence is with Heaven, towards which his thoughts continually are bent. He has no desires for the things of this life, because he is conscious of their vacuity. He sighs only for the celestial ones, to which his wishes tend: in short, he waits for the great father, Death, without desiring or fearing it!

CURIOUS ACCOUNT OF THE ICE FOX.

[Extracted from Tooke's "View of the Russian Empire."]

"DURING my abode," says Steller, "on Behring's Island, I had opportunities, more than enough, of studying the nature of this animal, far excelling the common fox in impudence, cunning, and roguery. The narrative of the innumerable tricks they played us, might easily vie with Albertus Julius's History of the Apes in the Island of Saxenburg.

enburg. They forced themselves into our habitations by night as well as by day, stealing all they could carry off, even things that were of no use to them, as knives, sticks, clothes, &c. They were so inconceivably ingenious, as to roll down our casks of provisions, several poods in weight, and then steal the meat out of them so ably, that, at first, we could not bring ourselves to ascribe the thefts to them. As we were stripping an animal of its skin, it often happened that we could not avoid stabbing two or three foxes, from their rapacity in tearing the flesh out of our hands. If we buried it ever so carefully, and added stones to the weight of earth that was upon it, they not only found it out, but shoved away the stones, as men would have done, with their shoulders plying under them, helping one another with all their might. If, thinking to secure it, we put any on the top of a high post in the air, they grubbed up the earth at the bottom, so that the post and all came tumbling down; or one of them clambered up, and threw down what was upon it with incredible artifice and dexterity. They watched all our motions, and accompanied us in whatever we were about to do. If the sea threw up an animal of any kind, they devoured it before a man of us could come up, to our great disadvantage; and, if they could not consume it all at once, they trailed it away, in portions, to the mountains, where they buried it under stones before our eyes, running to and fro, as long as any thing remained to be conveyed away: while this was doing, others stood on the guard, and watched us. If they saw any one coming at a distance, the whole troop combined at once, and began digging altogether in the sand, till they had so fairly put a beaver or a sea-bear under the surface, that not a trace of it was to be seen. In the night-time, when we slept in the field, they came and pulled off our night-caps, and stole our gloves from under our heads, with the beaver coverings, &c.: in consequence of which, we always slept with clubs in our hands, that, if they should awake us, we might drive them away, or knock them down.

" When

"When we made a halt to rest by the way, they gathered around us, and played a thousand tricks in our view; and, when we sat still, they approached us so near, that they gnawed the thongs of our shoes. If we lay down, as if intending to sleep, they came and smelled our noses, to try whether we were dead or alive; if we held our breath, they gave such a tug to the nose, as if they would bite it off. On our first arrival, they bit off the noses, fingers, and toes of our dead, while we were preparing the grave; and thronged in such a manner about the infirm and sick, that it was with difficulty we could keep them off. Every morning we saw these audacious animals patrolling about among sea-lions and sea-bears lying on the strand, smelling at such as were asleep, to discover whether some of them might not be dead: if that happened to be the case, they proceeded to dissect him immediately; and, presently after, all were at work in dragging the parts away. Because the sea-lions, at night, in their sleep, frequently overlay their young, they examine, as if conscious of that circumstance, every morning, the whole herd of them, one by one, and immediately drag away the dead cubs from their dams.

"Seeing, now, that they would not suffer us to be at rest night nor day; we were, in fact, so exasperated at them, that we killed them, young and old, and plagued them by every means we could devise. When the party awoke in the morning, there always lay two or three at our feet, that had been knocked on the head by some of us in the night; and I can safely affirm, that, during my stay on the Island, I slew above two hundred of them myself. The third day after my arrival, I knocked down, within the space of three hours, upwards of seventy of them with a club. They were so ravenous, that, with one hand, if we held to them a piece of flesh, they would come to it, although we might have a stick or axe in the other to knock them on the head.

"When these busy animals could not get hold of what they wanted, as the clothes we put off, &c., one of them would

would void upon it, and all the others which passed would do the same. From all circumstances, it was clear to us, that they had very little communication with human beings, and that the dread of man is not innate in brutes, but must be grounded on long experience.

" In October and November, they, like the other foxes, were the most sleek, and full of hair; in January and February the growth of it is too thick; in April and May they begin to shed their coats; in June and July they had only wool on them, and looked as if they went in waistcoats. In June they drop their cubs, nine or ten in a brood, in holes and cliffs of the rocks. They are so fond of their young, that, to scare us away, they would bark and yelp like dogs, and thereby betrayed their coverts. This mode of preserving their young, probably, has procured them the name of Ice or Rock Foxes. No sooner do they perceive that their retreat is discovered, than, unless disturbed, they drag away the young in their mouths, and hide them in a more secret place. On killing the young, the dam follows the slayer with grievous howlings, day and night, for a hundred and more versts, and never ceases, until she has played her enemy some trick, or is killed by him.

" In storms, and heavy falls of snow, they bury themselves in the snow, and lie still, as long as it lasts. They swim across rivers with great agility; will seize the seafowl, by night, on the cliffs, when they have settled to sleep; but are themselves frequently victims to the birds of prey. These animals, which are now in such inexpressible numbers on the Island, were, most probably, conveyed there (since there is no other land animal in it) from the Continent, on the drift ice; and have been nourished by the great quantity of animal substances thrown up by the sea.

" This species is entirely white, and their furs compose a considerable article of commerce."

PARISIAN

PARISIAN PHILOSOPHY.

SUMMER is fled!——Adieu, joys of the race---adieu, the pleasures of the promenade---adieu, *fête champetres*---and adieu, rural excursions!——Winter sternly approaches, and these delights fade into nothing: yet, instead, let us hail the social balls, public balls, dancing balls, and masqued balls! Hail concerts at the opera, concerts of the professors, and concerts of the amateurs! Hail brilliant spectacles, grand pantomimes, and little harlequins! Hail splendid dinners, and sumptuous teas! Hail to those amusements frolicking in the train of winter! ——But is there any winter to him who can expend thirty thousand francs in the season? It is the chill son of Penury who shudders at the blast; Boreas cannot penetrate his gilt saloon; the envious winds howl round his walls, shielded by gay paintings and mirrors; but they vainly struggle to enter!——What is rain, wind, hail, snow, or ice, to him who never quits his apartment but to ascend a warm carriage? What are fogs and thaws to him who never touches the earth with his feet, and only walks on carpets and mats?——No!---at Paris there is *no winter* for the man of fortune:---his life is a *perpetual spring!*

THE MAN OF FORTY THOUSAND FRANCS.

[The following Anecdote is taken from a French Magazine.]

A PROVINCIAL Footman put into the Lottery of St. Sulpice, gained a prize of forty thousand livres, took leave of his master, and came to Paris,---not to place out his money to advantage, but to spend it. He hired a superb hotel, purchased horses and a carriage, clothed his numerous domestics in a superb livery, played high, and kept an excellent table. He was universally feasted and enter-

entertained; and every where, in the best houses, nothing was talked of but the generous stranger.——Stranger, indeed!---he was known by nobody. Generous, too, for he had his purse full of money, and paid every account that was presented to him; but, so freely did he disburse and pay, that at the end of the year he had nothing left.

At last, he announced that he would dine at home, and at two o'clock precisely. Two o'clock strikes---dinner is served——no guest appears. He calls up his coachman, his porter, his lacquies, his cook, and his valet-de-chambre. He makes a signal for them to sit down at table with him. They are, at first, astonished, and then start difficulties in complying. He insists;---they obey. They eat, and, when the Champaign begins to establish familiarity, he says to them——

"My comrades, you have thought me a great man: I am only a valet, like yourselves. I gained a prize of forty thousand francs; I have expended it; I have nothing more; I go to resume my livery.---Adieu!"

This said, he gets into a diligence, and arrives at the house of his old master, who is delighted at seeing him again.

"I expect to hear, that you have laid out your money very well," said he to him.

"Very well; for I have eaten it."

"Eaten it!"

"Yes; and that in the space of a year. I wished to see what was the life of a man who has forty thousand livres a year. I have done almost every thing which they do:---I have procured all their enjoyments."

"Is it really so?"

"Really; there is nothing wonderful in that:---behold me satisfied. I shall be so much the better, if you will take me into your service."

"Very willingly; if your experiment has for ever cured you of the desire of riches!"

School of Arts.

NO. XXVI.

Receipts for Dressing Rice.

Savoury Rice.—PUT one pound of rice into three quarts of boiling water; let it remain for twenty minutes; then skim the water, and add one ounce of hog's lard, and a little salt and allspice, and let it simmer gently over the fire, closely covered, for an hour and a quarter, when it will be fit for use. If it is to be kept, it should be set by in an earthen pan, covered with a wooden cover. It will produce rather more than eight pounds of savoury rice; which, if the rice be purchased at a moderate price, will not cost quite three farthings a pound.

Baked Rice Pudding.—Put half a pound of rice into three quarts of skimmed milk; and add two ounces of treacle (or a little pepper and salt), and bake it. It will make nearly four pounds of pudding, and will cost about a penny a pound.

N. B. If East India rice is used, it should be previously soaked, for a few hours, in water, or in milk and water.

Boiled Rice Pudding.—Boil a pound of rice in a pudding-bag, tied so loose as to be capable of holding five times the quantity. It will produce five pounds of solid pudding, and may be eaten with treacle: it will cost about three farthings a pound.

Maccaroni Rice.—Put a pound of rice into five pints of cold water, and boil it gently for two hours, by which time it will be of the consistence of thick paste: then add two pints of skimmed milk, and two ounces of strong Cheshire cheese, grated pretty fine, and a little pepper and salt; and boil the whole very gently for another hour. It will produce nine pounds of Maccaroni rice, and will cost not quite three farthings a pound.

Rice and Barley Pottage.—Put one pound of rice and one pound of Scotch barley into two gallons of water, and boil

them very gently for four hours, over a slow fire: then add four ounces of treacle, and one ounce of salt, and let the whole simmer for half an hour more. It will produce sixteen pounds in weight, and will cost rather more than a halfpenny per pound.

Sweet Rice.—Put a pound of rice in to five pints of cold water, and boil it gently for two hours, by which time it will become of the consistence of thick paste; then add two pints of skimmed milk, and four ounces of treacle, and boil the whole very gently for another hour. It will produce nine pounds of sweet rice pudding, and will cost rather more than a halfpenny a pound.

THEATRICALS.

DRURY LANE.

Nov. 28. A Mrs. Carter (sister to Miss Stevens) made her first appearance, as *Miss Hoyden*, in "The Trip to Scarborough," in which she displayed such talents as indicated that she may be rendered of considerable service to the comic department of Old Drury.

Dec. 6. A Mrs. Soutley (said to be an Officer's widow) appeared, for the first time, as *Roxalana*, in "The Sultan," and acquitted herself with some applause. She is handsome, and a neat figure; and showed capabilities that may be much improved by a little practice.

13. A New Tragedy, called "Antonio; or, *The Soldier's Return*," from the pen of Mr. Godwin,* was performed, for the first time, the characters being thus represented:

Don Pedro, King of Arragon, Mr. Wroughton; Don Gusman, Duke of Zuniga, Mr. Barrymore; Don Antonio

* It is said to have been planned by the late Mrs. Wolstonecraft Godwin, and completed by her husband since her death.

D'Almanza,

D'Almanza, Mr. Kemble; Don Henry, his brother, Mr. C. Kemble; Don Diego de Cardona, Mr. Powell; Lopez, Mr. Maddocks; Alberto, Mr. Holland:——Helena, wife of Gusman, and sister to Antonio, Mrs. Siddons.

D'Almanza, an Arragonese Nobleman, and preceptor to the King, on his death-bed, betroths his only daughter Helena to his particular friend, Don Rodrigo De Lara. After the death of D'Almanza, Rodrigo is called to Naples, to inherit the estate of a distant relation; and, entering into the Neapolitan wars, is, after having performed many valorous atchievements, made prisoner by the Duke of Milan. The Court of Naples, influenced by a dishonourable cabal, takes advantage of this circumstance, and, at once, both disposes of the estate bequeathed him to another claimant, and refuses to make the smallest effort to procure liberty to him, from whose courage and exertions they had derived the most essential benefit. In the mean time, Helena had become the wife of Don Gusman, Duke of Zuniga, favourite of the King of Arragon, and who had preserved her in a situation of the greatest peril. Antonio D'Almanza, who had accompanied Rodrigo in his Neapolitan expedition, now returns to Arragon, to solicit his ransom from that Monarch. On his arrival, he receives the news of his sister's marriage; and, being in the highest degree irritated at the breach of her preceding contract, resolves to leave no means untried to dissolve a union which he regards as unauthorized and disgraceful. He makes an experiment on the temper and feelings of Helena; but finds her immovable. He presses the King with his utmost importunity; but Pedro, favourable to him in every other point, eludes and disappoints him in this. Driven from all his resources, he proceeds to seize his sister's person by force, and secretes her in a Convent, the Abbess of which is in league with him, with such precautions as he thinks best calculated to prevent either the King or the Duke from discovering the place of her concealment. It is, however, detected; she is restored to her husband, and protected by

the King; and Antonio, urged to a degree of frenzy by his continual miscarriages, is at length so far exasperated, as, in the presence of the King, the Duke, the Court, and the whole body of guards attendant on the Royal person, to plunge his sword in the bosom of his sister.

As this Tragedy was finally condemned on its first performance, we spare ourselves the disagreeable task of exposing its imperfections, further than to say, that the Author must have been wholly unacquainted with stage-effect; for almost the entire business was carried on in dialogue, the Stage never exhibiting, till the last act, more than two persons at a time; the speeches, though in some parts well written, were intolerably long, and, of course, tedious; which, together with a total want of interest after the second act, excited murmurs of disapprobation: these soon changed into an incessant coughing, that prevented the performers from being heard, till the curtain dropped, and the Piece was not announced for repetition.

Mr. Kemble and Mrs. Siddons exerted all those talents which they are so well known to possess, to keep the audience in good humour; but we are sorry to say, that their pains were thrown away. Mr. Kemble's part was of most uncommon length; and the study of it, amidst his numerous Managerial avocations, must have occupied very many hours, that, as it appeared, might have been more beneficially employed.

COVENT GARDEN.

Nov. 1. Of the New Comedy, called "LIFE," which we mentioned in our last Number (Vol. V. p. 488), the following were the Dramatis Personæ, &c.:

Sir Harry Torpid, Mr. Lewis; Gabriel Lackbrain, Mr. Fawcett; Marchmont, Mr. Murray; Primitive, Mr. Munden; Crafty, Mr. Emery; Clifford, Mr. Farley:——Rosa Marchmont, Miss Murray; Mrs. Decoy, Mrs. St. Ledger; Mrs. Belford, Miss Chapman.

Scene,

Scene, a bathing-place, and the country around it; and the story on which the Piece is founded is nearly as follows:---Marchmont had married a young lady against her father's consent, who continues inexorable; Marchmont, inveigled by the arts of Mrs. Decoy, a female gamester, had plunged into dissipation, and abandoned his wife, a most amiable and interesting woman, to misery and want. The wife disappears, and is supposed to be dead. Marchmont, recovered from his delusions, pursues the occupation of an author. By his marriage he had an only daughter, whom he tenderly loves, and to whose education he pays the utmost attention. He employs a governess to instruct her in music and other polite accomplishments. His wife, under the assumed name of Mrs. Belford, becomes the governess of her own daughter. Clifford, a profligate man of fashion, endeavours to seduce her; and, by representing her as a woman of bad character, contrives to get her from Marchmont's protection into his power. Old Primitive, the father of Mrs. Belford, who had changed his name for a fortune, rescues Mrs. Belford from the hands of Clifford, to whom he is a sort of guardian; still ignorant, however, that she is his own daughter. He promises her an asylum. Primitive had turned the channel of his favour to Gabriel and Mrs. Lackbrain; the former he conceives to be a plain uncorrupted son of Nature, and his wife to be a domestic woman. He had placed them in a cottage of his, and was about to settle his fortune on them. He carries Mrs. Belford with him to their house, and finds them giving routs, Gabriel drunk, and the whole house in an uproar. He is at first deceived, however, and some laughter is excited by the *qui pro quo's* which take place. By the misrepresentations of Mrs. Lackbrain, he is induced to change his sentiments of Mrs. Belford. The scene is so contrived, that he discovers that Mrs. Lackbrain is carrying on an intrigue during the honey-moon; that Gabriel is making love to an apothecary's daughter; and that both are equally profligate, and unworthy of his protection. At

length, Mrs. Belford discovers herself by a contrivance which has a very good effect on the Stage. She submits to Marchmont's perusal the heads of a novel that she intends to write; it is her own history. He reads it in her presence, and is racked with remorse and anguish. Mrs. Belford is discovered:—they are reconciled. Primitive forgives his daughter. Rosa Marchmont is married to Sir Harry Torpid, who had contributed to the restoration of harmony; those whose conduct merited pity and esteem are dismissed to happiness, and the profligate to contempt.

This Comedy has been got up (to use the theatrical phrase) with great judgment and effect: the best performers are employed, and no less than seven new scenes have been painted for it, of which two are particularly worthy of attention; one, the inside of a raffling-shop; the other, a *cottage ornée*, copied exactly from a beautiful design of Mr. James Malton's, engraven for his "Essay on British Cottage Architecture."

"LIFE" has been since performed many times to crowded houses, and with general applause.

15. A New Musical Entertainment, in three acts, called "IL BONDOCANI," was performed, for the first time; the story of which (taken from the *New Arabian Tales*) is as follows:

The Caliph of Bagdad (Haroun Alraschid), concealed under the assumed name of Il Bondocani, and in the disguise of an Arabian dress, mixes with his subjects, in search of a lady worthy to share his throne. In the course of his adventures he discovers that his Cadi is a corrupt judge; Hassan, a principal Lord of his Court, a contemptible coxcomb; and Dorina (the daughter of Chebib, a poor, but honourable, man) the very woman he sought for. There is also an under-plot, the interest of which is produced by the filial piety of Abdallah, the son of Chebib, who, for the purpose of relieving his father's wants, falsely charges himself with the crime of having carried off a lady from the harem, and thereby obtains the reward offered for the discovery

covery of the offender. In the investigation of this charge before the Caliph, who has by this time resumed his proper character, the lady who was carried away proves to be Selima, the mistress of Abdallah, of whom he had been in pursuit. Her father now appears, and insists that he is the real offender; but the Caliph, happy himself, resolved that the joy should be universal, forgives all the parties, and thus concludes his adventure.

This Entertainment (written by Mr. T. Dibdin) is replete with sprightly humour and comic effect; and the dresses and scenery are splendid and striking. It was received with great applause, and has since been performed above twenty times with unabated success.

MRS. PLOWDEN'S PREFACE TO HER PLAY OF "VIRGINIA,"

(Mentioned in our last Theatricals.)

Facts——not Comments.
Penruddock, in Mr. Cumberland's "Wheel of Fortune."

LITTLE did I ever expect to appear before the public; much less do I now wish it. Circumstances, however, impose upon me the unavoidable necessity of doing so.

Without entering into the question upon the aptitude and powers of the female mind for mental exertions, and the propriety of so employing it, I have but to say, that it was purely to dissipate and soften the gloom and pressure of the severest domestic misfortunes, that I first applied my mind to any sort of composition. I was, perhaps, too sanguinely encouraged by my friends to offer the production to one of the Proprietors of Drury Lane Theatre: his acceptance of the Piece, after having read it and heard all the music, naturally inspired me with more confidence than I had before conceived of its success. It was given in to that Proprie-

Proprietor on the 1st of January, 1799.* On the 17th of July of that year, it was accepted; and I was pressed to have the melodies harmonized, in order to get it ready for performance at the opening of the Theatre last season.

I naturally applied for this purpose to Dr. Arnold, whose talents, taste, and science, are too well known to the musical world to be here spoken of; and I had, very early in life, taken some lessons in composition of him. The whole of the music was arranged and given in to the Proprietor on the 21st of October, 1799. It was not, however, put into rehearsal till Monday the 27th of October, 1800, three days before its performance, when it was played over for the first time by the orchestra, in the absence of Dr. Arnold, who had given a previous written notice to the Manager, that he could not attend on Mondays and Thursdays to sit at the harpsichord.

On Tuesday the 28th, was the first rehearsal in the presence of Dr. Arnold; but that was extremely defective, on account of the absence (from severe indisposition) of Mrs. Mountain; consequently, none of the quartets, or duets, in which she had a part, could be rehearsed on that day. Miss De Camp began to sicken on the same day, and was also absent.

I will not dissemble, that I now began to look upon the failure of the Piece as certain. It was told me at the Theatre, that Miss B. Menage was to perform Mrs. Mountain's part. I replied,---That *could not, must not be*; yet, upon applying to the Manager, he informed me that it was to be so; and Mr. Kelly did not fail to assure me, that the Manager had positively so decided it. The generality of the performers, on this day, very candidly and kindly pressed me rather to withdraw the Piece, than permit it to be brought out on the following Thursday, in the unprepared state in which all things then were. Mr. Suet assured me, he had fretted himself to illness, at the thought of its

* This circumstance proves the impossibility of the denouement having been borrowed from Mr. Morton's Comedy of "Speed the Plough."

being

being to be brought out on the Thursday; and that he must read his part, if given on that night. Dr. Arnold and I pressed the Manager to postpone the performance, but in vain. He asserted to me,---That the Proprietors' positive orders were, that it should come out on Thursday the 30th, or not at all; adding, that the performers would be all perfect in their parts for that night; and he pledged himself to me, that the scenes, dresses, decorations, dance, &c., should be all properly gotten up.

I came from this rehearsal very dispirited, and was but little revived on my arrival home, from the receipt of a letter, to announce to me, that a party was raised, by a Vocal Performer of Drury Lane, to d---n the Piece. The letter named the person as the only one in the Theatre whom the success of it would hurt. I was the more disposed to credit this letter, as the person named in it (Mr. Kelly) had, in my presence, some time ago, most solemnly protested,---"That no musical performance should ever succeed at Drury Lane Theatre, which he did not approve of; and, should the Proprietors attempt to bring forward any thing of the kind, he swore by G---d that he would hamper them."

On Saturday evening, December 7, 1799, I was at Drury Lane Theatre, to see Mr. Lewis's Comedy of "The East Indian," when Mr. Kelly came into the box, and asked me---When I was to come out? I replied---I know not. He then said,---I had been used very ill, and that it was his opinion the Proprietors intended to play me a trick; and advised me to write them such a letter as he should dictate: to which I purposely avoided making any direct reply.

On the Tuesday I waited on Mrs. Mountain, who most generously assured me, that, short as the time, and ill as she was, she would risque any thing for the success of the Piece, and attend the rehearsal on the next morning, at all hazards. She did attend, and, for the cordial and spirited exertions of her admirable and transcendant powers on the night of performance, I am happy in an opportunity of paying her my public tribute of gratitude.

On

On the Wednesday, when I came to rehearsal, I had the fresh mortification of hearing that Miss De Camp was confined to her bed: so that the part of Benowee, which, though not long, I had conceived to be interesting, was not rehearsed on that day, which, in fact, was the first rehearsal of the quartets and duets. Yet I was agreeably surprized at the degree of perfection with which this first rehearsal went off.

On this day I was again pressed by the performers to urge the Manager to put off the performance. I did apply, and pleaded in vain the additional reason of Miss De Camp's illness: however, Miss B. Menage was sent home by the Manager, to study the part of Benowee for the next day.

On the day of performance, Miss B. Menage came to rehearse, with every wish and disposition to do justice to the part of Benowee. But the want of time to get it up, and the diffidence of a delicate mind under such circumstances of embarrassment, naturally diminished her powers to perform a part of great exertion.

I was now fully convinced of the fate of the Piece. Mr. Byrne, the Ballet Master, though of extraordinary talents, and uncommonly attentive to his department, had only been spoken to on the preceding Tuesday, to prepare for the dance, procession, pageantry, &c. He had not communicated with me till on Wednesday, when the dance was first rehearsed; but no arrangement appeared to have been made, either according to the music I had composed, or the instructions I had given in. It was, however, then too late to be altered, and I endeavoured to reconcile myself to the disappointment. I admire, notwithstanding, the talent and readiness with which Mr. Byrne got up the dance, that was performed in so short a time. I very frequently, on this day, spoke to the Manager and Prompter about the scenes, dresses, decorations, processions, and other necessary arrangements, &c.; but was always desired to rest satisfied, and be assured, that, whatever I wished and had directed, should be provided for the night's performance.

With

With respect to the Dialogue of the Piece, I am still to this hour astonished at the alterations that took place in it on the night of performance. I was summoned to attend the reading of the Piece, and to the first rehearsal in the Green-room, which was no more than an examination of the performers' different parts with the Prompter's book. At the reading of the Piece, the Manager very kindly and judiciously suggested to me the alteration of a word or two. I thanked him, and, in the presence of all the performers, I added, that I should hold myself obliged to him to make any further alterations he found necessary or advisable.

I was never more summoned to any rehearsal, but I did occasionally call in whilst rehearsals were going forward; and I am free to say, that, had I been ever so attentive, I could not have followed them so closely, as to be able to hear, much less judge, of the Dialogue that some of the performers and the Prompter were supposed to rehearse. I felt no uneasiness upon this score, not apprehending that the Dialogue was altered, and having full confidence that the generality of the performers would do every justice that lay in their powers to their respective parts.

I acknowledge the Manager did once suggest that the Piece was too long; but he never said another word to me upon the subject. The performance of it, however, with all its interruptions, on the 30th of October, in less than three hours, proves how unnecessary this suggestion was.

When, therefore, by whom, and why, the different alterations were made in the Dialogue, I have still to learn. I knew not till the night of performance that they were made; but, being so, I have thought it necessary to submit to the public the whole of the Drama, as I gave it in, and as I expected it would, and intended it should, have been performed.

I do it not with a view to support its propriety or excellence, but to show the public the glaring injustice that was done to the Piece, by the unnecessary clippings and furtive deprivation of most of its explanatory and introductory connexions,

nexions. I studiously refrain from any comment or reflection upon the preparation of the Piece for public performance. I leave the naked facts to the judgment and observation of such persons, whom curiosity, interest, or sympathy, may induce to read the following pages.

The Preface here concludes with thanking the performers.

Cabinet of Fashion,

WITH ELEGANT COLOURED PLATES.

MORNING DRESSES.

1. A Gentleman, in the most fashionable walking dress.

2. Striped coloured muslin gown. Half pelise of shot silk, or scarlet kerseymere, trimmed with dark fur. White bear-skin muff, with a bow of scarlet ribbon. An India silk handkerchief round the neck. A straw hat, or turban bonnet, of velvet, with deep black lace veil, and banditti plume. Cloaks of purple velvet, and deep lace veils, are much worn. Morning Dresses are generally of check muslin, without trains, drawing round the bosom, and long sleeves.

AFTERNOON DRESSES.

1. Gown of yellow Chambray muslin, with blue velvet Vandyke cotton; short sleeves, looped up with brilliant buttons; under sleeve of white cambric, with blue velvet bands. Gold union clasp for the cestus, and gold beads round the neck. Yellow Chambray muslin round the head, and ostrich feathers. White leather gloves and slippers.

2. White cambric muslin gown, the bosom covered by a double lawn ruff; Spanish sleeve, with scarlet edges: the hair bound with a gold or scarlet band, and ornamented with white ostrich feathers. Buff gloves; and scarlet Opera handkerchief, lined with white fur.

The

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Morning Dress for Jan.y 1801.

Afternoon Dress for Jan.y 1801.

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The Apollonian Wreath.

SOUTHAMPTON WATERS.

[BY T. E.]

THE breeze was fresh, with easy bend
The easy canvass own'd its sway;
The keel the gurgling waters rend,
The vessel passes on her way.
Against the mast the ship-boy stood,
And sung a ditty full of woe;
Or, idly gazing on the flood,
Mark'd the swift progress of the prow.

Girt round with many an ivy'd bow'r,
Netley, thy ruin'd walls I see;
And, quite o'ercome, give all the hour
To blue-ey'd Sensibility!
And who, once having seen thy face,
That thinks on Sensibility,
Can so forget each matchless trace,
Dear Maid! as not to think on thee!

I thought on thee, I thought on Love,
On Friendship, and Philanthropy;
On Gratitude, and God, nor strove
To check a tear from either eye.
Rapt in these dear illusive themes,
Till rous'd by hated drums, I lay;
Torn was the texture of my dreams,
And stol'n each tender joy away.

That loath'd abode of filth and vice,
A transport, stood expos'd to view;
Heav'n! what an object for these eyes,
Still wet with thoughts of love, and you!
I thought on War's destructive train,
The havock which it makes in bliss;
Turning affection into pain,
And murd'ring all the charities.

Oh, God! cried I, how long, how long,
Shall ign'rance be the dupe of guilt?
Dying, the poor deluded throng
Bless those by whom their blood is spilt!
Let knowledge, like thy light, descend,
To cheer the darkness of thy race;
Self-interest shall recommend
To wash the wounds of weeping Peace.

Should knowledge to the earth be giv'n,
Prudence would point to Virtue's road;
The earth would be the gate of Heav'n,
And ev'ry soul aspire to God.
Let go the sheets, the captain cries,
The wish'd-for port appears in view;
The boat already 'longside lies,
And I must bid thee, Love, adieu!

FOR CHRISTMAS DAY:

AN ODE FOR MUSIC.

RECITATIVE.

REJOICE! rejoice! ye circling nations hear—
Glad tidings of great joy to you I bear,
Let rapture fire your breast;
From Heav'n the Angels, rob'd in splendor bright,
Ere morning's dawn dispell'd the shades of night,
A Saviour born confest!

CHORUS.

Rejoice! rejoice! the Angels cry,
Earth, hail your bless'd Divinity!

Duet.

DUET.

" Unto you a child is born, unto you a son is giv'n!"
Mercy, Justice, Truth, shall be
His emblems of Divinity,
That lifts the soul to Heav'n!

CHORUS.

Behold, in Bethlehem, the new-born babe,
Wrapp'd up in swaddling clothes, and in a manger laid!

RECITATIVE ACCOMP.

The King eternal, from his heav'nly throne,
In mercy on mankind look'd pitying down;
Beheld how Satan's wiles did man destroy,
How man forgot his God, embrac'd idolatry!

AIR.

Then, in sweetest accents mild,....
I'll give my Son, my only child,
Awhile on earth to live;
That he may conquer Death, and sinful man forgive!
Thus the Almighty Father said,
Then his o'ershadowing wings he spread,
And stamp'd his image in the Virgin's womb;
That HE, Sin, Death, and Hell, might overcome,..
That MAN might rise triumphant from the tomb!

RECITATIVE.

Thus to the Shepherds did glad tidings bring,
Then breath'd their notes to Heav'n's Almighty King;
Bade balmy Concord reign from pole to pole,
Love, Peace, and Harmony, unite the whole!

AIR.

To Bethlehem the Shepherds ran,
To see the wonders wrought for man;
Found, as the Angels had them told,
The babe laid in an oxen's fold:
And fix'd, amaz'd,
They joyful gaz'd,
Then, wond'ring, hail'd their saving God!

CHORUS.

This is the day, this is the happy morn,
On which our Saviour, Lord, and King, was born!

DUET.

Let *all* on earth their voices join,
In songs of praise, and hymns divine,
To Him enthron'd on high,-----
The Prince of Peace; who did the pow'r of Hell destroy,
Who gave himself a ransom unto ALL;
Who heal'd the wound of Adam's shameful fall,
Who rose triumphant from the grave,
And conquer'd only but to save!

FULL CHORUS.

Raise, raise your voice,
Rejoice! rejoice!
From year to year, in hymns divine,
Let instruments and voices join:
Give Honour, Glory, Praise, to Him enthron'd above,
A God of Mercy, Wisdom, Justice, Truth, and Love!

PEAN.

EXTRACT
FROM
COURTIER's "PLEASURES OF SOLITUDE,"
Just published.

------ HOW sweet, how passing sweet, to rove
Where sits, unseen, the minstrel of the night,
And trills such music o'er the list'ning grove,
As, sure, might harmonize the rudest sprite!
Then, while the moon from her meridian height,
And all the countless stars that round her burn,
Shed o'er the tranquil scene their tender light,
The soul, sublim'd, each earthly care may spurn,
And tow'rd its native heaven with holy longing turn!

Then, nought of discord harsh thine ear shall wound,
Like their's, who tread the city's crowded ways!
The distant water's faintly murmuring sound,
The whisp'ring wind that thro' the foliage strays,
The tinkling bell of sheep that, startled, gaze,
The clock's deep chime from half-hid village spire,
The watchful dog at fancied thief who bays,
Though simple all their tones, such thoughts inspire,
That from thy bosom far shall passion's brood retire.

E'en

E'en beauty triumphs in diviner charms,
And bids the heart with tend'rer feelings glow,
When seen where nought, or sickens, or alarms,
Than 'mid the haunts of riot, glare, and show.
Where laugh the skies above, and plains below,
Her airy form more winning grace assumes,
With more luxuriant ease her tresses flow,
Her speaking eyes more dazzling light illumes,
And o'er her dimpled cheek suffuse health's softest blooms!

'Twas June's first morn--what time the dewy rose
Exhales its fragrance to the solar ray,
And all the flow'rets of the dale unclose
Their subject blossoms, while from verdant spray
The feather'd warbler tunes his matin lay;
That, wand'ring pensive 'mid each op'ning sweet,
I paus'd beside a stile that cross'd my way;
When, the fair being that mine eyes did meet!....
One half so fair, again, these eyes shall never greet.

Light to the zephyr play'd her ringlets fair,
And now her heaving bosom they enfold:
There dwelt a noble sadness in her air;
Her form was cast in Nature's finest mould;
Her eyes, tho' sweet, as inspiration bold,
To Heav'n she rais'd; her white hand clasp'd her breast;
And the long struggling sigh that moment told
Things yet, by mortal language, unexprest,....
The wishes of the good--the transports of the blest.

With her may Public Beauty e'er compeer?
No!--never ball nor theatre shall boast,
Thro' all the eddyings of the vain career,
One of their brilliant and accomplish'd host,
Tho' fashion-tutor'd, and now fashion's toast,
Thus on the sentiment and taste to gain.
Fashion's frail children, by themselves engrost,
Those unaffected wiles which best enchain
Affection and esteem, magnanimous disdain.

We stand indebted to the lonely hour
E'en for the sweets that public charms inspire.
Not in the present have those charms their pow'r,
Not in enjoyment most their splendors fire;
But when, in musing moment, we retire
To make the scene of happiness our own:
'Tis then we hang, indeed, on rapture's lyre,
Or breathe to pity's plaint congenial moan;
Then, that the worth of each, at last, is really known.

ELEGY.

PALE shines the moon, the ev'ning gloom is spread,
Their lofty heads the murm'ring pine-trees wave;
With solemn steps the churchyard path I tread,
To strew with flowers Henry's humble grave.
Departed friend! thy tears no more will flow,
Ne'er shall I hear thy agonizing sighs;
Secure reposing from each earthly woe,
No more thy breast in poignant grief shall rise!
Sleep! sleep!
No longer weep;
Sleep in peace,
Thy sorrows cease;
Thy spirit flies
To yonder skies,
Where oppression cannot harm thee,
And where ev'ry scene will charm thee!

Freed from the troubles of a life of care,
The common lot of mortals here on earth,
Thy pure soul wings thro' unknown worlds of air,
To dwell with Him who first ordain'd thee birth.
Seraphic bands now hail thee from Heav'n's dome,
To peace immortal joyfully you go;
Sweetly they guide you to their happy home,
And speak of bliss which Angels only know!
Thy voice now raise
In hymns of praise;
With grace divine
Adore the shrine,
Where sits, triumphant, the great King of Kings,
From whom alone eternal mercy springs!

S. W.

SONNET TO THE IGNIS FATUUS.

LO! as the pale light on the rushy moor
To the lone peasant paints approaching rest,
The heart-felt welcome at the peaceful door;
His weary limbs by infant arms carest,
What transports fill his mind, what raptures throb his breast!

Warm'd

Warm'd by the thought, he strides the marshy soil;
The phantom's vanish'd, and the morass deep
Spreads round his steps, and mocks his anxious toil;
Till ghastly terrors o'er his bosom creep,
And vanquish'd Nature faints:----alas! he sinks to endless sleep!

So, Hope once bade me Ellen's love to share;
Soon the fair prospects vanish from my sight,
Tho' reason struggles: yet, in gloomy night,
My languid spirits faint----I sink in dark despair!

TASCIN.

SPOKEN EXTEMPORE,

By a Lady, to a Gentleman of the Army, on the latter's Swearing much.

SOLDIER, so tender of thy Prince's fame,
Why so profuse of a superior name?——
For thy King's sake, the brunt of battles bear;
But, for the King of Kings' sake, do not Swear!

BY A LOVER, ON HIS FALSE MISTRESS.

LIKE to the damask rose so gay,
Or like the scented breath of May;
Or like the lily by the stream,
Or like a pleasing passing dream;
Or like, at morn, the lark's shrill song,
Or like the jocund bells' ding dong:
Pleasing as these to sight and ear was she;
But, like these, wither'd for her perfidy.

True as the shepherd to his love,
Or like the constant downy dove:
Or like the blazing noon-tide sun,
That ne'er forgets its course to run;
Or like the varying current's tide,
Or like swift time that still doth glide:
Ev'n like all these my mistress once was true,
But, now grown false, to all she bids adieu!

Free

Free as the air on desert wild,
Or free as Fancy, Nature's child;
Or free as lark that pipes unseen,
Or free as current of the stream;
Or free as soul, when Death's chill dart
Th' immortal from this frame doth part:
Thus free from Love, unshackl'd thus my mind,
Now I have learnt the fraud of Woman-kind!

H. W. I.

LE REFUS D'UN BAISER.

ROMANCE.

DE ce Refus pénétres-vous la cause?..
Vous êtes belle et j'ai quatre-vingts ans;
Par un Baiser je fanerois la Rose,
Et ce seroit un outrage au printems.

Je dois laisser à la vive jeunesse
Ces biens si doux, elle a droit d'en jouir;
De vos plaisirs il reste à ma vieillesse,
Moins un regret qu'un heureux souvenir.

Pour un Refus, ne croyez pas, bergère,
Que l'âge rende un cœur indifférent;
Mais un Baiser pourroit-il satisfaire,
Ne causant plus le plaisir que l'on sent?

Je m'en souviens, j'avois une maitresse,
Belle, modeste, et fraiche comme vous;
Elle eut vos traits, j'avois votre jeunesse,
Et c'est alors que les Baisers sont doux!

MAD. D'HAULFOUL.

THE SWEEPS' LAMENTATION

For the Loss of their Friend, Mrs. Montagu [See Vol. V. p. 424].

THO' I'm only a Sweep,
Yet allow me to weep,
And with sorrow my loss to deplore;
The shovel and brush
For a time let me hush,
Since the Patron of Sweeps is no more!

She'd

She'd a heart that could melt
At the troubles we felt,
And in soothing 'em thought herself blest;
So that once in the year
We partook of her cheer,
And she kindly provided the best.

For such actions as these,
Which must Providence please,
And who knows our condition is hard,
There's no doubt but at rest,
She's in Heav'n with the blest,
And receiving the promis'd reward.

Is there none to succeed
In the laudable deed,
And make joyful and happy the day,
When with dance and with song
We come clatt'ring along,
To hail the renewal of May?

Yes, surely, there will,
I indulge a hope still,
From our labours we favour shall reap;
And the affluent will say,
Let's remember the day
When good MONTAGU thought on the Sweep!

D. W.

EFFUSIONS,

Written during a Sister's Illness with a Putrid Fever.

HARK! they are well-known voices, and the notes
Are full of anguish. Tell me....is she dead?
If dead, why weep you? We shall meet anon
Where Death can never break our peace again!....
"Ah! no!..the spark of life is ling'ring yet,
"But 'tis almost expir'd!"

Oh! cruel friends,
That keep me from a dying sister's bed,
And will not let me take a last farewell!
Perhaps my voice would call her back to health,
And blow the mould'ring spark into a flame.

I'll

I'll in....no danger shall obstruct my way;
But I will kiss her lips, tho' Death be there.

How boils the blood thro' all her fever'd frame..
Feel how it throbs and burns beneath your hand;..
See how the big drops on her forehead start,
And from her eye the scalding tear descends!

Ah! does she know her brother's at her side..
Think ye she feels the pressure of his hand?

Hist, oh! my sister!..one who loves thee calls:
He wants to see thee rise, and smile again;
He wants to lead thee to the verdant mead,
To hail the morn of Spring, that, laughing, comes
With od'rous breath, and spangled flow'rets gay:
He wants to listen to thy honied words,
And catch instruction from thy lips again!
Oh! stay, nor leave him yet!..'Tis but to-day
He feels how dear thou art; 'tis but to-day
He knew thy value, and begun to love thee:
As yet, he is not satiate of thy worth,
Nor have thy virtues cloy'd his youthful taste.
He cannot let thee go: he owes thee much,
And, if thou diest, he will live thy debtor!

Oh! I would speak as soft as zephyrs blow,
I would be calm and gentle as a lamb,
So thou wilt hear me; else, into thine ear
I'll thunder my complaint, and make thee stay
To give another look: I'll call so loud,
That it shall rouse thee in the arms of Death;
I'll weep such tears, that, falling on his breast,
His flinty heart shall melt, and give thee back!

Ah! no!....In vain are all our tears and groans:
They cannot make her stay a moment here;
And, when she goes, 'twill ask archangel's trump
To strike the cold and leaden ear of Death:
But, when he hears, he will obey the call,
And yield her to the tenants of the skies!

Come, then, Religion, balm of wounded souls,
And calm the throbbings of my tortur'd heart;
Bid me be calm, be easy, and resign'd;

Bid

Bid me look up to Heav'n,..for there, on high,
Sits one who died, that we should die no more!

The Thing, that tim'rous, fearful men, call Death,
Is but the herald of immortal joys;
And they are happy whom he summons home!

LUCTOR.

A SICILIAN COMPLIMENT

From a Lover to the Eye of his Mistress, in Dr. Hager's "Palermo," lately published.

OCCIUZZE nivuri, si taliati
Facciti cadiri casi e citati!
Jeu muru debuli di petra taju,
Cunsideratilu, si allura caju!

TRANSLATED BY MRS. ROBINSON.

Thou brilliant Eye! whose magic glance
Can bid the loftiest fabric shake,
Oh! say, can I, who feebly gaze,
Resist thy strong and piercing blaze;
Nor in a sweet delicious trance
Fall prostrate....for THY SAKE?

SOLUTIONS OF THE CHARADES

WHICH APPEARED IN OUR LAST.

Charade I.—Nine-pins.
..... II.—Moor-hen.

NEW CHARADES.

CHARADE I.

MY First is an oily concretion;
Again, 'tis a symptom of health;
Sometimes 'tis produc'd from repletion;
At others, results from much wealth.

My

My Second, I've heard, 's a relation
Or friend, whom affection may bind;
Again, it is those in high station,
Who expect some advantage to find.

In vain to my Whole is resistance,
'Tis certain as taxes and death;
As well might we call for assistance
When disease stops the pow'r of our breath.

CHARADE II.

MY First's an impression of dread,
Of terror, alarm, and surprize,
Which the mind of the brave may o'erspread,
And the weak feel alike with the wise.

I shall not describe what degree
My Second's inclin'd to appear;
For adjectives, all will agree,
Change their nature as much as the year.

My Whole is undaunted and bold,
Meets danger without any dread;
Yet sometimes requires to be told,
That courage by caution is led.

To Correspondents, &c.

B's *last favour is received, and much approved of.*

We cannot admit Acrostics, *or Complimentary Lines on private individuals; as, however interesting to the Writer and to the Party addressed, they are commonly very insipid to the general reader.*

The French Verses by the King of Prussia *have been published before.*

The Lines by O. G. *and* L. A. *are rejected, together with numberless other contributions, the insertion of which would only expose their Authors and ourselves to contempt. Such Writers should really be more considerate, and take the opinion of some intelligent Friend on their Productions, which would save us a very heavy and useless expense in Postage.*

A Saunterer's *Letter is under consideration.*

Erratum in our last Volume, p. 293, last line but one, for "Thou art welcome, my friend," &c. read, "Thou art come, my friend," &c. &c.

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WILLIAM COWPER ESQ.R

Published by Vernor & Hood 31 Poultry Feb.y 1. 1801.